



No. 344.—Vol. XXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## THE FLORAL FÊTE AT BOSCOMBE.

As Hove is to Brighton, as St. Leonards to Hastings, so is Boscombe to "Beautiful Bournemouth."

"Too hot in summer and too proper in winter" is how the man in the street sums up Boscombe. He cannot be complimented on the veracity of his judgment. For one thing, he would have a bad quarter of an hour if he found himself confronted with that Authority on Temperature which Boscombe, in common with all seaside resorts, cites in support of its claim to possess an equable climate.

"Nonsense, my dear Sir," affirms that Authority on Temperature; "Boscombe, even in summer, is no hotter than Hastings or the Isle of Wight, and compared with Devon or Cornwall, it may lay claim to be a refrigerator."

Really the Authority on Temperature does not in this case deserve to be regarded with the suspicion which naturally attaches to the special pleader. He, indeed, bears witness only to the truth. There is an equable quality about the Boscombe temperature such as few watering-places can boast of, and even this summer of records in the shade has been as endurable there as it has been in any other town on the coast of England.

That other judgment of the man in the street has just as little basis in fact. True, Boscombe cannot attain unto the refined social amenities of

carnival category. Nature did not give Henry Ebben a sunshiny face in vain, nor endow George Foster with a Napoleonic genius for organising, without a definite purpose in view. They were born to make the Boscombe Carnival a success.

As secretary, Mr. Foster has made every Boscombite feel that he was responsible for the triumphant issue of the event of the year; as general chairman, Mr. Ebben has thawed every lingering icicle and contaminated everyone with his own geniality.

"Look at him," ejaculated one damsel to another; "he doesn't look much like a parson, does he?" Mr. Ebben does not, although he has full claim to the "Rev." which appears before his name. He realises to the full that the truest pastor of men is he who is servant of all.

Two years ago, Boscombe's Carnival was cooped up in a park. This year, it spread itself all over the town. From being a private enterprise it has become a town function. Everything has been gained by the change. The Corporation of Bournemouth (for, by the way, it must not be forgotten that Boscombe is the daughter of Bournemouth) not only illuminated the Chine Gardens and hung the streets with bunting, but also lent its Mayor for the occasion—gold chain and all. It also lent a burly sergeant of police and a real liveried footman to head the procession on the pier. Could there be more



ON BOSCOMBE SANDS.

Ramsgate or Margate. That is one of the penalties it has to pay for being so far removed from the radius of Bermondsey and the like. But it is an injustice to stigmatise Boscombe as "proper." Bare legs (children's, of course) are quite common on the sands, and young ladies intent on the goal of matrimony are far from being rare on the pier.

## BOSCOMBE CARNIVAL.

But the Carnival's the thing to prove how Boscombe can unbend and make merry with all the world and his wife. There is no more sensitive touchstone than the Carnival for such a test.

Frankly, as a rule, we English are not great at carnivals. It is something to our credit that we have taken to the idea, and perhaps in a century or two we may be able to catch something of the spirit. In the meantime there are carnivals *and* carnivals. There is the frigid carnival and there is the genial carnival.

Between the frigid carnival and a funeral there are not many points of difference. There is colour instead of black, and covered heads instead of uncovered; but it's a procession all the same. That car of mermaids might just as well be a hearse, and the Mayor looks for all the world as if he were meditating on the Burial Service instead of preparing his impromptu speech for the prize presentation. Probably two or three persons in the crowd have made a reckless purchase of confetti, but as it dawns upon them that it would be less dangerous to hurl brickbats about, they begin to wonder whether there is anything in the wide world so utterly useless as confetti which can't be thrown.

Happily, the genial carnival is not so rare as it was. In two seasons Boscombe has passed from the semi-frigid into the wholly genial

convincing proofs of the disappearance of that jealousy which was said to exist a few years ago?

We may not be an artistic people, and yet some of the items in the mile-long procession of the Carnival proved that the Boscombe people have an eye to the picturesque. That coach which Mr. Tom Elliot entered as an object-lesson of the pearls of the sea was a triumph of ingenious idea. Through the glass doors one had a peep into the depths where finny creatures disport themselves, and on the summit of the coach—turned into a stretch of the seashore—there were mermaids which were much more real and infinitely more enchanting than that "genuine" specimen which adorned Messrs. Pears' windows in Oxford Street the other day.

A dainty idea, worked out with simple consistency, won Miss L. Field a first prize for her "Sunflower" bicycle, and a similar honour worthily fell to the lot of Mr. S. Isaac for his tableau of "Poppies and Cornflowers." One of the cornflowers is the happy possessor of eyes which outrival any hue of blue known to the flower whose name she assumed.

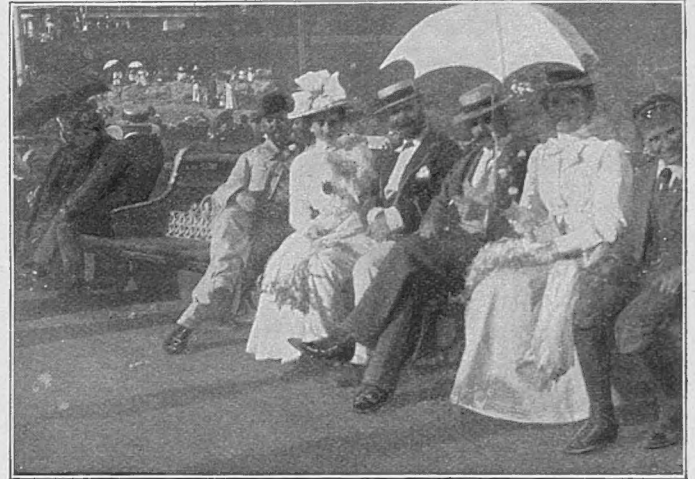
One of our most indefatigable artists is Frank Celli, who during the last year has been giving musical and dramatic recitals throughout the United States and in the Lake district beyond Chicago. He has besides given concerts with Madame Nordica, played the part of Brother Maxime in "La Poupée," under Augustin Daly in New York, and sung in Grand Opera as Mephistopheles in Chicago. Now he is back again with new songs, new ideas, and renewed health, ready to take up fresh engagements in London or in the provinces.



THE FLORAL FÊTE AT BOSCOMBE.



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The Chairman,  
JUDGING THE CARS.



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THE FIRST-PRIZE COACH.



A BABY BICYCLIST.



A SUNFLOWER CYCLE.



## THE LATE MR. ROBERT PECK.

All followers of the Turf will deeply deplore the decease of Mr. Robert Peck, the well-known trainer and breeder of race-horses. He was a true sportsman and a kind and characteristic English gentleman. Deceased had been suffering from an internal complaint for some considerable time. A sea voyage to South Africa did not prove



THE LATE MR. ROBERT PECK, THE CELEBRATED HORSE-TRAINER.  
*Photo by Kingham, Bedford.*

beneficial, and he was unable to be present at the marriage of his daughter, Lilian. Mr. Peck inherited the love of horse-flesh from his father, who was a trainer of repute, and from childhood he had always been amongst horses. He left his father's Malton establishment at the age of twenty-one to go as private trainer to Lord Stamford, with whom he stayed two years. After a brief period "on his own," in 1870 he became the private trainer of Mr. James Merry. This was the turning-point in his career. The young trainer soon showed that he possessed keen judgment.

On one occasion, Mr. Merry—who was generally considered to be a difficult man to deal with, but with whom Mr. Peck got on remarkably well—wired for his horse Gladiolus for a certain race. As the race was an unimportant one, Mr. Peck took upon himself to take an inferior horse, reserving Gladiolus for a more important race. Mr. Peck was promptly sent for by Mr. Merry and interviewed. In his own words, he says, "I went to his hotel and found him looking as black as thunder." After a brief examination, Mr. Merry remarked, "You are aware that the agreement between us will expire in November next?" Mr. Peck, thinking that he was about to be dismissed, replied in the affirmative. "Well," continued Mr. Merry, "I will be pleased to renew the agreement for another term of years, if that will be satisfactory to you."

Mr. Peck subsequently proved an extremely valuable servant to Mr. Merry, and his judgment in the purchase of young blood was exceptional. It was through him that the horse afterwards known as Doncaster, the Derby winner, was bought. From the first he had great faith in this animal. Describing Doncaster's victory in the Blue Riband of the Turf, the deceased sportsman says—

I rushed down from my place in the stand to lead him in. The tears came into my eyes. I could not help it. It gives you a strange feeling to win your first Derby. There is nothing else like it.

Two years later, after winning the Ascot Cup, Mr. Peck purchased Doncaster for £10,000. It was bought originally for 950 guineas. Not very long afterwards, the Duke of Westminster paid £14,000 for it. When Mr. Merry retired, Mr. Peck started for himself, and trained for the Duke of Westminster, Lord Rosebery, and others, retiring when he was thirty-six to become an owner. He was the owner of Janissary, the sire of the Derby-winner Jeddah. His stud at Howbury, near Bedford, was a model one. Here he lived the life of an English gentleman, generous and kindly to all. Mr. Peck was but fifty-four, and many will mourn his loss. Two of his sons, Percy and Charles, are well-known trainers.

J. A. R.

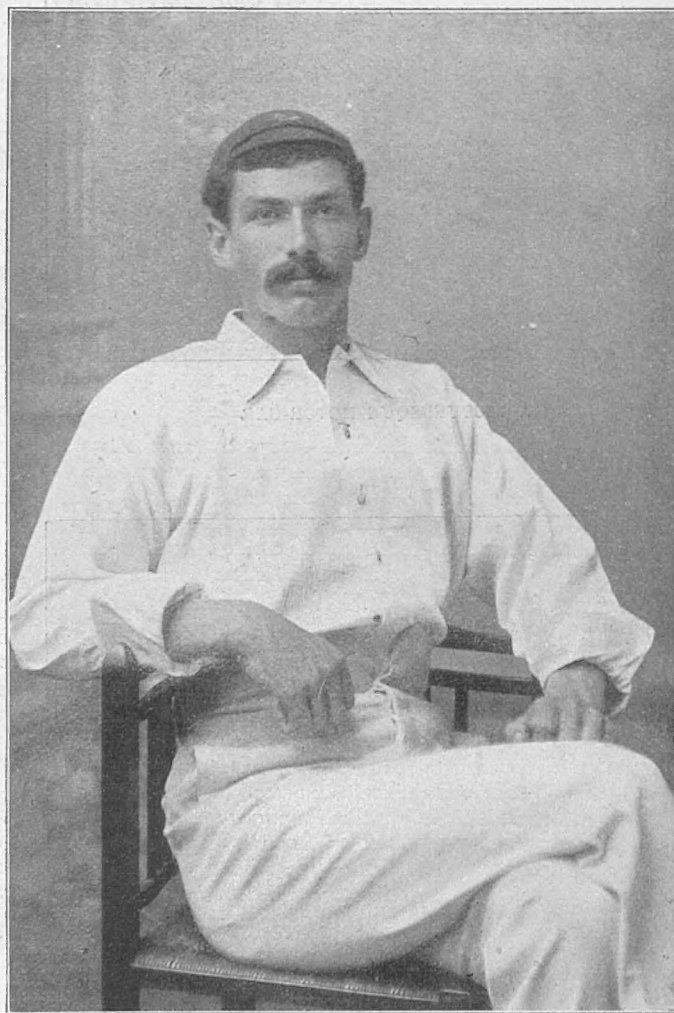
## CRICKET.

## TOM RICHARDSON'S BENEFIT.

At the Oval last week, the proceeds of the match between Surrey and Lancashire were handed over to Tom Richardson, who has done very great things for Surrey in the past, and who may yet do as great things for the famous county in the future. The cricket seasons from 1892 to 1897 inclusive were marked by the splendid performances of this famous fast bowler. His benefit comes in a season in which he has not been so successful, but though he should never bowl another ball, Richardson will go down to cricketing posterity as a man to be remembered.

How fickle the British public can be has been somewhat indicated by the fact that the takings at the Oval during last week's benefit match never reached a really great figure. In an ordinary way, an average of 10,000 payments per day for a cricket match is not at all bad, but on such an occasion one would have hoped to see the total rather over than under the average. However, Tom Richardson is not yet thirty years of age, and with the great old Doctor to inspire him, he may yet get back his old form, to the terror and confusion of all the foes of Surrey.

"W. G." has done little enough in first-class cricket this summer, but he has given a great impetus to the sport at the Crystal Palace, where the London County Cricket Club has had some good matches during the past few months. New members have kept rolling in, and the Doctor, who is Secretary to the Club, and has a house within a couple of hundred yards of the grounds, has been kept busy. Like Hampstead and Blackheath, the Crystal Palace has always had a fine cricket team, and some of its first eleven have gained county honours. For example, Mr. C. J. N. Fox, an Anglo-Indian, whose wicket was impervious to nearly all local attacks, was invited to play for Kent a few years ago, and made some fine scores. I saw him give the Yorkshiremen a rare leather hunt. Now that the Palace team is about to merge into the London County Club, we may look for recruits to the Kent, Surrey, and Middlesex teams. The grounds of the Palace are in the first two counties, and the Middlesex boundaries are not far away. "W. G." told me early in the season that he hoped to bring forward several promising players, and certainly the team that plays on the Crystal Palace grounds shows signs of great achievement in the immediate future. At the same time, it is well that "W. G.'s" first intention to play for Gloucestershire came to nothing, for with his new book, his



TOM RICHARDSON, THE FAMOUS SURREY BOWLER.  
*Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.*

weekly articles, his secretarial duties, and the new club's matches, his hands have been quite full enough. The Crystal Palace ground, always a pretty one, has been greatly improved by the new pavilion and the removal of a few trees that annoyed the batsmen.





MISS MONA K. ORAM.

*She plays Sophy Fullgarney in the "Gay Lord Ques" at the Globe Theatre while Miss Irene Vanbrugh is on her holiday*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W



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ROBERT G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

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HENRY FLEWS, General Manager.

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**NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.**

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	9 30	11 15	1 30
		p.m.	p.m.	
Rhyl ...	arr.	2 32	4 50	6 53
Colwyn Bay ...	"	3 5	4 50	7 33
Llandudno ...	"	3 30	5 20	7 40
Penmaenmawr ...	"	4 8	5 22	7 35
Bangor ...	"	3 24	5 43	7 55
Pwllheli ...	"	5 5	...	9 50
Criccieth ...	"	5 8	...	9 35

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	9 30	11 0	2 35
		p.m.	p.m.	
Barmouth ...	arr.	4 35	5 55	...
Aberystwyth ...	"	4 20	5 30	9 45

**CENTRAL WALES.**

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	11 0	1 30	...
		p.m.	p.m.	
Llandrindod Wells ...	arr.	4 15	7 5	...
Llangammarch Wells ...	"	4 52	7 38	...
Llanwrtyd Wells ...	"	5 5	7 44	...

**BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.**

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	10 25	11 30	...
		p.m.	p.m.	
Blackpool ...	arr.	4 0	...	...
Mosses ...	"	4 3	...	...
Windermere ...	"	4 40	...	...
Keswick ...	"	...	6 0	...

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.

Euston, August 1899.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

**NEWMAN'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.**

The fifth season of these deservedly popular concerts opened auspiciously in the Queen's Hall on Saturday, Aug. 26. Mr. Newman is to be congratulated on the very successful start made in his season's work, the building being crowded in every part, and the programme, which was as varied as it was interesting, meeting with very hearty approval. It is almost unnecessary to say the magnificent orchestra has never been heard to better advantage under its talented conductor, Mr. Henry J. Wood, who met with a cordial reception on making his appearance. The soloists for the evening were Miss Kirkby Lunn, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, and Mr. Charles Knowles, with Mr. Arthur Payne as solo violin, and Master Paul Bazelaire solo violoncello—a wonderfully clever child of whom we are bound to hear further. Mr. Percy Pitt acted as accompanist.

A handsome souvenir of the late Mr. William Simpson, R.I., the veteran Special War-Artist of the *Illustrated London News*, may be had at *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, or may be ordered of any bookseller. It is a royal-quarto volume, entitled "Abyssinia," bound in red cloth, and consists of a lucid history of the Abyssinian Expedition, by Mr. Roger Acton, embellished with numerous vivid drawings made mainly from the faithful sketches sent home by Mr. William Simpson, who mirrored the victorious march of Lord Napier of Magdala for the *Illustrated London News*. This is really a magnificent guinea work for twelve shillings and sixpence, and it is far more than a memorial of the distinguished traveller and artist whose loss we mourn. It recalls some of the masterly work of those other departed artists, Charles Robinson, and Alfred Hunt, and Louis Huard, whose beautiful drawings were so much admired in the 'sixties and 'seventies, excellently engraved as they were on wood under the skilled superintendence of Mr. Mason Jackson, so long the respected Art Editor of the *Illustrated London News*.

Great rejoicings on the Dalhousie estates are to signalise the coming of age next week of Arthur George Maule Ramsay, fourteenth Earl of Dalhousie. It is now almost forty years since the death of the tenth Earl, who, as the great administrator who was the last of the historic governors-general under the East India Company, shed lustre on the historic house, founded by Sir John Ramsay, the rescuer of James VI. in the Gowrie outrage, though the family is mentioned in documents as far back as the twelfth century. The young Earl, who succeeded to the title in 1887, attains his majority on Monday, Sept. 4, and in honour of the event the Brechin Town Council have agreed to confer upon him the freedom of their burgh, while the tenantry in that district will present him with a handsome gun-case. The young Earl's portrait has been painted by Mr. John Sargent, the distinguished artist, and the presentation of this, by the tenantry in the Arbroath district, will be a feature of the coming-of-age celebrations.

A charmingly pretty ceremony took place at Arcachon last week, when the Queen of Oyster-Girls was crowned—a somewhat similar function to the old English May Queen festivity. One evening a ball was given at the Casino, and on the following day a Fête Venetienne was held on the Bassin, so this favourite Pyrenean resort cannot be said to languish for lack of gaieties. Members of good Russian families are inhaling the pine-laden air just now, and a sprinkling of English, who all assembled the other evening to see Jane Hading, in her marvellous corsage of diamonds, act in "The Princess of Bagdad." A real bloodthirsty bull-fight, with the great matador, Felix Robert, in the "cast," likewise took place, while the attractive regatta has drawn crowds of yachts from all parts—Baron Edmund de Rothschild, on the far-famed *Atmah*, whose interior is an Arabian Night's dream of splendour, Mr. W. M. Exshaw, on the *Ollé*, and other big boats without end. One of the evening's amusements is to go down to the shore and see the crowds thrown up into strong relief by the searchlights from the yachts which sportively skim the coast.

There are some people who, like Erostratus, seek fame at any cost, and an enterprising American lady, with similar views doubtless, has lately arrived at a St. Moritz hotel with thirty-two dress-boxes packed full of clothes! The hotel-keeper was just mustering courage to complain when the lady, with a great and majestic manner, announced she would require an extra bedroom for her frocks. Ropes are slung across this Bluebeard chamber, and the "creations," encased in linen bags, dangle underneath. A friend informs me that, having mistaken this room for his adjoining own some evenings back, and beholding what he took for serried ranks of bodies suspended in mid air, thought he had stumbled on either a tragedy or a horrid haunted chamber, and lay trembling between his own neighbouring sheets all night.

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# SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Loyal to the core, I reproduce with particular pleasure the interesting royal group Messrs. Chancellor and Son, of Dublin, quite recently had the honour, by the Queen's command, to take at Osborne. How history repeats itself! Within a very few days of the birth of the Duke and Duchess of York's eldest child, you may remember another historic photograph was taken at White Lodge, Richmond, representing four generations of our Royal Family—that is, her Majesty, with the new-born baby Prince in her arms, and, standing behind her chair, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Now, five years after that interesting event, the same group has been, as we see, reconstituted at Osborne; and the general effect is even more delightful, owing to the fact that Prince Edward (or Prince David, as he is known to his intimate circle) has, in the interval, grown up to boy's estate. The Queen, it will be noted, looks as well and vigorous as she did on the previous occasion.

Of all the Sovereign's great-grandchildren, the Queen naturally takes the greatest interest in the little Prince over whose head hovers an imperial and royal crown. Prince Edward, Prince Albert, and the little Princess Victoria have spent a portion of each of their few summers at Osborne, and on these occasions Prince Edward is constantly with her Majesty, who enjoys hearing his acute observations and in answering the many questions which he loves to put to those about him. Already the main lines of the education which is to be given to the Duke of York's two sons has been decided on, the Queen attaching much importance to quite early training.

People sojourning in "the Wight" this summer have been, I hear, much struck with the kindly and thoughtful interest which her Majesty has evinced in all that concerns the good Isle of Wight people, — among whom she has made her home for so long. Not for many years has the Queen taken so active a part in the social life of the island. The royal carriages have been constantly seen outside the beautiful Osbornegrounds, through which it is possible to drive for eight miles without once leaving the demesne. Osborne may well be regarded with affection by the royal family, for many events closely connected with the Queen's private life have taken place there, including the marriage of her beloved daughter, Princess Alice, which occurred the year following the death of the Prince Consort, while comparatively lately yet another family-wedding of peculiar interest, that of Princess Beatrice to Prince Henry of Battenberg, was celebrated at Whippingham. It must, however, be admitted that at Osborne the Queen is compelled to keep up the same daily routine of busy work that is her lot at Windsor Castle. Osborne House is in constant communication by telegram and telephone with London, and scarce an evening but sees the Queen giving a large dinner-party in which important political personages are constantly included. You may depend upon it that the Marquis of Salisbury's visit to her Majesty at Osborne last Thursday was on business of the highest State importance, not improbably connected with the grave state of affairs in the Transvaal.

At Balmoral our beloved Sovereign enjoys a way of life more approximating to a real holiday. There is, of course, a perpetual interchange of mail-bags and telegrams between the Castle and the Metropolis, but while in the North the Queen is able to relax many of those duties which are incumbent upon her when at Osborne and

Windsor. It is at Balmoral that groups of her Majesty's foreign relations, notably her granddaughters and their respective husbands, are made welcome, and life is very much simplified, partly owing to the far-seeing wisdom of the late Prince Consort, who so planned the building that there could be but little accommodation offered to official personages. It is good news that the Emperor William may revisit Windsor.

Everything about Balmoral Castle is essentially Scottish in character; even the fireirons are made from an original design of a thistle by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. The carpets which cover the pine floors of her Majesty's suite of rooms are of royal Stuart tartan, woven especially for that purpose. The household is called to meals by a large gong, round which is inscribed the national motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit." One of the most interesting individuals attached to the royal service is the Queen's piper, who greatly excites the admiration of any foreign visitors, and who makes an imposing figure in his black velvet tunic, his tartan plaid and kilt, his sporran set in solid silver studded with cairngorms, while the ribbons are of Queen Victoria tartan, the band of his bonnet being of gold, on which are emblazoned the royal arms. All the wood used in the construction and panelling of the Castle is of Scottish origin, and, so far as is possible, the essentially national character of the Queen's Highland home is retained through every department.

Among the most interesting exhibits which are to be shown at Burlington House next year will be Mr. Orchardson's "Four Generations of the Royal Family." Her Majesty has been giving the artist sittings for this important historical piece of work, which is a commission from the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society. The Queen is, as all those whom it concerns well know, keenly interested in farming and the farming interest; she is an exhibitor at the leading Agricultural Shows, and both her Majesty and the Prince of Wales have done all that lay in their

power to further British farming interests. Mr. Orchardson, who is a charming painter, has a great opportunity before him, for the painting will go down to history and show future generations what our Sovereign looked like in the eighty-first year of her age. M. Benjamin Constant has also been favoured with a number of sittings from the Queen. The distinguished French portrait-painter was very much struck with her Majesty's exquisite French, which astonished him the more when he discovered how comparatively few opportunities the Queen has had of late years of keeping up her early knowledge of the language.

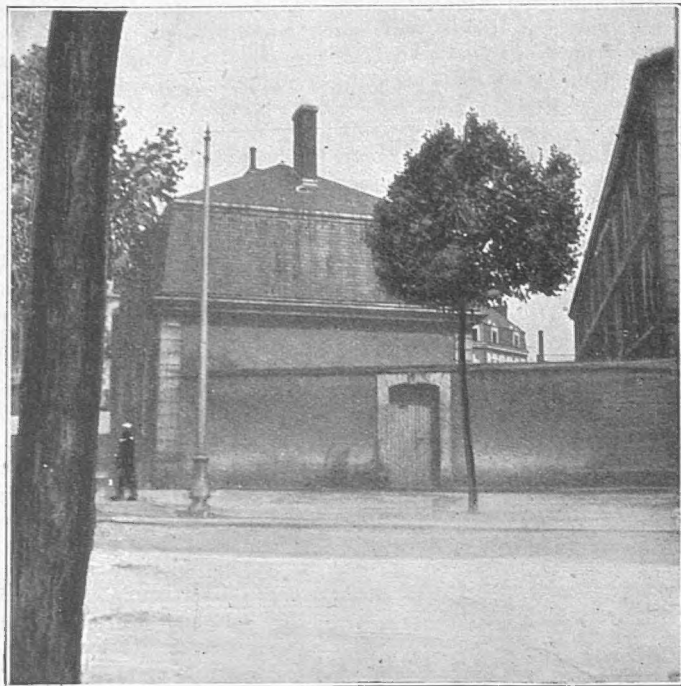
Not many people will leave the Highlands as Henry Reeve, the noted editor of the *Edinburgh Review* did in 1839, in these days of tips to waiters, keepers, grooms, and gillies. "I never in my life," he says, "met with anything like the cheapness of the Highlands. Since I left Edinburgh I have not spent ten shillings a day, including conveyances. Accordingly, I have spent the difference in divers stuffs of many colours and incredible cheapness." He seems to have laid himself in with waistcoats at three shillings and sixpence, trousers for ten shillings—"just what I give two guineas in London for." It would be an admirable exercise for the calculating mind to sum up the amount spent in grouse moors and deer forests and salmon rivers. A tour in the Highlands might also be contrasted with one on the Continent.



THE QUEEN, PRINCE OF WALES, DUKE OF YORK, AND PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.  
Taken at Osborne on Aug. 5 by Chancellor and Son, of Dublin.



The gate through which Captain Dreyfus passes every day on his way to and fro between his prison and the Lycée, where the trial is being held, is not the gate of the prison. That opens into the Rue Duhamel, and is wide enough to admit a carriage or van. The doorway shown in the photograph is that leading to the Recruiting Department, and opens on



RENNES: GATE OF THE RECRUITING DEPARTMENT, THROUGH WHICH DREYFUS PASSES FROM HIS PRISON TO THE LYCÉE EVERY MORNING.

to the Avenue de la Gare, directly opposite the principal entrance to the Lycée. The prison and the Recruiting Department are close together, inside the same enclosure, and their yards are only separated by a low wall, over which a sort of stile has been erected for Captain Dreyfus to pass across. When the Captain goes to the Court, two lines of soldiers draw up on each side of the little door, right across the avenue to the Lycée. The spectators in the street are driven back, but they see the door open and two gendarmes come out.

Close behind them comes Captain Dreyfus, attended by two more gendarmes, and with a captain of gendarmerie bringing up the rear. The little party marches across at a smart pace, and the gold lace on Captain Dreyfus's brand new képi and uniform glitters in the sun. The accused man looks every inch a soldier; he marches with his head up and his shoulders squared as if on parade, looking neither to the right nor the left. In less than two minutes from the time the little door opened Captain Dreyfus and his escort have disappeared up the steps into the Lycée. The soldiers fall in and march back to barracks, the mounted gendarmes follow their example, and in five minutes the Avenue de la Gare has resumed its every-day appearance. Only a solitary gendarme gives an occasional glance at the little door which has now become historical.

The spot where Maître Labori was shot is close to, but just beyond, the centre of the city's life. It is but a quarter of a mile from the Lycée, but is an unfinished corner of Rennes near some manufactories. The river Vilaine, when passing through the town, is turned into a canal; then, while the canal continues straight on, the river branches off to the south, leaving the canal just by the right-hand clump of trees in the photograph. There are two branches of the river, both running out under bridges, and it was just as he was approaching the bridge over the larger stream, which is called the Pont Richemont, that the great advocate was shot.

Maître Labori is not a typical Frenchman in appearance by any means. He is tall and broad-shouldered, and has a fair beard and a fine resonant voice. He is one of the newer school of the French bar, and does not rely so much on his oratory as on his great powers of cross-examination. He can, however, speak well, as his magnificent pleading in the Zola case proved. His pluck in returning to Court with his wound unhealed extorted the admiration even of those who have most reason to dread his powers of eliciting the truth.

Only a few women are privileged to enter the Council Chamber where Dreyfus is being tried at Rennes. Two of them are journalists, who, for the remarkable services they have rendered, have particular claims to the services of the Revisionist Party. One is a writer of polemics, the other is the publisher of a daily newspaper, *La Fronde*. These two women are Madame Severine and Madame Margaret Durand.

No woman is better known in the newspaper world than Severine. She is a polemist of the first order. With a witty and practised pen, she translates the varied and changing emotions that sweep over Paris. Every morning a considerable number of her fellow-citizens open their paper "to see what Severine says." And the boulevard savours her wit, and

rascaldom bends under her scathing denunciations. She is a born fighter; if she knows how to make the anti-Jew Drumont writhe, she knows also how to stand under the attacks of Rochefort. If she gives no quarter, she asks none.

The noise made round her name has not swollen her pride. This elegant Parisian is oftenest met in the quarters of the poor, in the lodgings of those that suffer. It is for them that she is a Socialist, even a Revolutionary, for them that she unceasingly demands reforms. She has made herself their advocate, and spares neither herself nor her purse in their cause.

One of the women who, quite beside her own will, has been drawn into the public gaze by the famous "affair," is that sympathetic, gentle being, Madame Labori, wife of the advocate whose life was attempted the other day at Rennes. Madame Labori has lived over a pit for a year and a half. At the time of the first Zola trial, of which Labori bore the weight, as Severine said, "like a young caryatid in a toga," she was to be seen in the Court-room following anxiously the debates, while the crowd raged outside, roused by the *État-Major*, their cannibal howls for blood striking across the calm, eloquent voice of Labori, pleading for the truth. The day Labori made his summing-up, she brought their two children, charming babies, so that, as she said, if they died, they might all die together. The blow so long threatened has fallen at Rennes, and, amid an avalanche of telegrams, Madame Labori finds that she has become one of the points of interest in the universe.

Decidedly the gods lead whom they will whither they will. They say Madame Labori was an English girl, a Miss Ockey. They also say that she made a first marriage to a Russian Jew named Pachmann, possibly a naturalised German Jew, from whom she obtained a divorce. Maître Labori himself is an Alsatian, and, therefore, from the same territory as Dreyfus. These two are from now on among the personalities of Paris, a part of that little group of "intellectuels" who form the most solid hopes of France for the new century about to begin.

Among the other women conspicuous in the Council Chamber is one who is called "the white lady." This sounds mysterious; it refers to the dress she wears. She is so conspicuously placed in the row with the Generals, that the President, Colonel Jouaust, sent to ask her identity and how it was she held one of the few rare cards for such a place. Meantime, the Press of Rennes had solved the question to suit themselves, and spread the report that she was Colonel Jouaust's wife. Stupefaction and disgust of the Colonel! "The white lady" is a Parisian, Madame Amélie Dhartout, whom the affair had absorbed to the point that she has been present at every sitting of every one of the innumerable processes, and is to-day as much a part of the proceedings as the judges themselves. She furnishes a good example of the Dreyfus madness.

One personage in the "affair" accounted feminine is wanting at Rennes, the famous "veiled lady": she who made free with the secret documents of the *État-Major*, promenading them from the Sacred Heart to the Alexander III. bridge, in passing by nobody knows where; she with a military *laissez-passer* that opened prison and other forbidden doors,



RENNES: RIVER VILAINE, LOOKING EAST FROM THE FONT ST. GEORGE'S. M. LABORI WAS SHOT AT A POINT NEAR THE TREE ON THE RIGHT.

whom Walsin-Esterhazy received with oaths and sped with blessings. She has gone the way of other ladies of her sort, notably of one "blonde lady" who figured in the Padlewsky escape, and who was only a garb hiding what bearded Nihilist the gods only know. Some ladies avoid court-rooms.



While at Marienbad the Prince of Wales remains faithful to the soft Homburg hat (as you may see from a snap-shot fresh from Marienbad), or rather to that form of headgear with which his Royal Highness first made acquaintance when at Homburg some years ago. Already the Prince looks immensely better for his stay in the pretty picturesque little Bad, which owes so much to his patronage. The Hôtel Weimar has the great advantage of being situated rather high up, and the Prince's suite of rooms overlook the quaint town, while from the balconies may be seen the chestnut groves beyond which is his Royal Highness's favourite spring.

As regards the "cure," the Prince sets an excellent example to the crowds of smart English and American visitors, who have probably only been driven to Marienbad by the magic proximity of British Royalty. His Royal Highness is often out by six o'clock, and he constantly breakfasts in the open air. Since the arrival of the Marchioness of Lorne, the Prince has spent a great deal of time with his sister, and together they follow the somewhat strict régime very faithfully, although most people find the plain fare rather too Spartan for their tastes. The only culinary delicacy of Marienbad are the delicious little trout, which, grilled over a clear fire, are served at almost every meal.

A considerable number of those fortunate people who belong to the Prince's inner circle of friends are at Marienbad, notably M. de Soveral, the clever, witty diplomatist who represents Portugal (and Delagoa Bay!) at the Court of St. James; Mr. Sidney Greville, though not officially "in attendance," is also constantly with his royal master; and the Prince



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS NEWEST MARIENBAD HAT.  
Photo by T. F. Langhans, Marienbad.

has been markedly courteous to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who is staying at the hostelry Klingers, formerly patronised by his Royal Highness. Several of the French Rothschilds have also made their appearance at Marienbad, and one of these is said to have placed his splendid motor-phaeton at the disposal of the Prince.

When sojourning for a brief period at Balmoral next month, the Prince of Wales will perform an interesting ceremony—the presenting of new colours to the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders. His Royal Highness, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Gordons, had intended, during his recent visit to Edinburgh, to make the presentation there, but his arrangements did not permit of this. The Prince has now, however, signified his readiness to carry out his purpose when the Gordon Highlanders visit Balmoral next month. The battalion is at present making arrangements for a route march on a somewhat extensive scale through their territorial district of Aberdeenshire, and leave Edinburgh on Sept. 11.

On Saturday, Sept. 16, the battalion will arrive at Balmoral, and on the Monday following the ceremony will take place in front of the Castle, and will be witnessed by the Queen and the royal family. There will be something peculiarly appropriate in the presentation of new colours by the Heir-Apparent in the district in which the famous regiment was originally raised under romantic circumstances, and in the midst of the picturesque surroundings of her Majesty's much-loved Highland home.



MARIENBAD, KREUZBRUNNEN, THE WATERS OF WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES IS TAKING.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STENGEL AND CO., DRESDEN.



I have never associated gentle Grasmere with anything so savage as wrestling, and yet it would seem, from the accompanying photographs and from the accounts of some sports held there in the middle of August and chronicled by the *Herald and Lakes News*, that the inhabitants of that poetic neighbourhood do sometimes contrive to throw off the reposeful atmosphere surrounding the homes of the Lake poets, and bring themselves down to the level of mere flesh-and-blood Southerners. No less a sum than £250 is given away annually in prize-money, and the rewards are bestowed upon the champion wrestlers, the champion fell-racers, the champion pole-leapers, and the owners of the champion trail-hounds.



ADAM WALKER, THE "FATHER OF WRESTLING" AND EX-CHAMPION.

In spite of the enormity of the prizes, however, the brilliant but anonymous writer in the *Lakes News*, evidently inspired by the traditions of the paper—or the site of the offices—glosses over the lower interests in this manner: "It is," he asserts, "its social and picturesque character, its hundreds of fashionable coaches and fashionable drags thrown intermittently together, its handsome ladies

and rustic girls, its titled personages and broken-down pedlars, its music and its noise, its everlasting 'sough' like the wind in a far-off storm, and its innumerable contrasts, which leave on the mind an impression not easily eradicated even by the appalling descent of Siverhow or the tremendous excitement of the trial finish, or, again, when Lowden and Steadman throw their huge arms round each other."

But the writer would seem to be more poet than sporting tipster, for, on referring to his tabulated list of results, I find that Mr. Lowden did not come up to the scratch at all, but left Messrs. Strong and Steadman to wrestle it out between them. Steadman threw his man twice with the left leg, and won. He scaled 18 st., measured 48 in. round the chest, and is fifty-three years of age. His puny opponent, however, measured only 47 in. round the chest, and is only thirty-five years of age. Surely he ought to have been in the mail-cart, with his nurse to watch o'er his infant slumbers.

But old Adam Walker, the "Father of Wrestling," could teach them a thing or two yet, I expect.

Dublin was gay to frenzy last week, from the first day of a record Leopardstown to the closing gaieties of the famous meeting at Balls Bridge. The Irish Ascot, as the first function has come to be called, was particularly smart this year, largely owing to the improved behaviour of the weather, and instead of the usual tailor-made attire so

appropriate to misty Hibernia, chiffons of the most airy-fairy were everywhere in evidence. Lady Cadogan seems fond of black, and wore a dress of that sombre hue on the first day as well as on the following Tuesday of the Horse Show. Lady Coventry, in pale green, was with the Viceregal party. Lady Dufferin, in black, and Lady Lurgan, looking well groomed, as usual, in white serge and turquoise, were about together. The Ladies Howard wore smart coats and skirts of grey tweed, and Mrs. Greer, who joined the Viceroyalties at luncheon, was in bright-green foulard. Lord and Lady Fermoy were in and out of the paddock with the rest of the sporting set (and when one says that



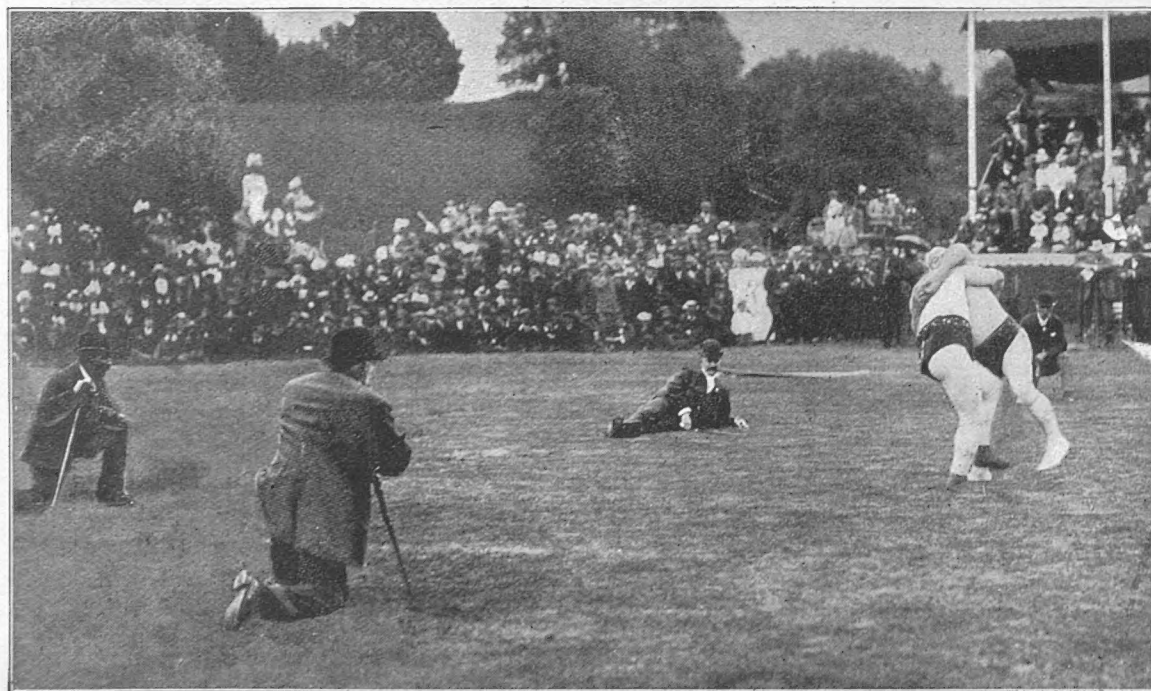
MADAME SEVERINE, THE PARISIAN JOURNALIST (SEE PAGE 234).

Photo by Ogerau, Paris.

it means every Hibernian born!). Mrs. McCalmont wore grey very successfully, and was accompanied by the General, just back from the manœuvres.

While Captain McCalmont watched the races from the stewards' stand, Prince Francis of Teck came over both days with the Dewhurst party from Clonsilla. He is a good sportsman, and so most sure to be popular with Paddy of all ranks. Other well-known lights and leaders were Lady Power, wearing black and white, with a touch of orange in her hat; Mrs. Sadleir Jackson, the observed of all observers in a wonderful tunic of ivory lace over her pink gown; Baroness Brault, in vivid blue; and Lady Rachel Saunderson, who was accompanied by her pretty newly married daughter, Mrs. Gore; Mr. Jack Gubbins (a sporting member of a sporting family), Colonel de Robeck, Captain Machell, and a hundred others.

In a Highland glen I visited lately (Glen Quaich) there are two collies answering to the name of Kruger. The farmer to whom one of them belonged, wanting to be quite original, chose this name, but was disgusted to find that a keeper higher up the valley had not only a Kruger, but a Kaiser and a Queen. However, the farmer's Kruger barks loudest, although it has not yet been known to bite anybody! He is great at tramps, and gives them a warm welcome.



Judges.

STRONG AND STEADMAN IN THE FINAL: STEADMAN WINS.

Strong, Steadman.



What would Bournemouth be like without the crowning glory of its pine-trees, the stateliness of which, whatever the season, never fails to extort the admiration of visitors? A South African correspondent who has been holidaying there assures me that, as seen recently under the



AMONG THE BOURNEMOUTH PINES.  
Photo by J. Hartley Knight, Lower, Sydenham.

brilliant sunshine we have been enjoying, the pine-roads of Bournemouth vividly recalled the arboreal beauties of the picturesque suburbs of Cape Town, such as Wynberg, Rondebosch, &c.

The phonographic messages which have recently passed and re-passed between the Queen and the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia open up a wide vista of possibilities which, in the twentieth century, at any rate, might be expected to lighten materially the burden of official life both in Downing Street and Whitehall. Imagine, for instance, the added authority and force which would be given to an ultimatum, say, from Mr. Chamberlain to the King of the Cannibal Islands, if such warlike intima-

tion were conveyed to his dusky Majesty in the actual words, cold, callous, crisp, and declamatory, but withal severely to the point, such as the Colonial Secretary has employed on more than one occasion when alluding to affairs in Africa. Or, amid the gentler walks of peace, on the other hand, supposing the Lord President of the Council should feel really too bored or too tired to receive a deputation upon some departmental matter, he would merely ask for a wax-impression of the views of his would-be interviewers. This would be transferred to the phonograph, and at his leisure his Grace, with a prefatory soliloquy, no doubt, as to the increasing cares and anxieties of Ministerial life, would reply, his remarks being subsequently reproduced from the machine by easy instalments, according to requirements.

Then, again, the introduction of the phonograph into the House of Commons would be an incalculable boon to those hard-worked Ministers who are unable to be in their places at half-past three when the Galloway Weirs, the Caldwells, the Pat O'Briens, and the McNeills are at their zenith. Nothing simpler. Alongside the familiar brass-bound box on the table of the House a row of phonographic machines, labelled "War," "Admiralty," "Trade," "Colonies," or "Foreign," as the case may be, would be placed, containing the spoken replies of the Ministerial absentees. And when Mr. Pat O'Brien rose to ask the Secretary to the Treasury, as representing the Postmaster-General, why a sufficient supply of telegram forms was not supplied at the post-office at Mullingar on the 23rd ult., the nearest occupant of the Front Bench would "switch on" his absent colleague, supplementary questions would become a thing unknown, for the very good reason that none could be answered, and the business of Parliament would proceed with almost unparalleled smoothness and celerity.

Interviewed in the excellent September number of the *Captain*, Mr. Max Pemberton gives some interesting details as to his methods of work. It seems that he frequently destroys many chapters of a book he is writing if they do not seem to read really well from first to last. When working at "Kronstadt," for instance, he thrice destroyed large piles of manuscript which appeared to him unsatisfactory. After the third onslaught, he discovered wherein the weak point lay. He had been trying to write in the first person instead of the third. So he started the novel all over again in the third person, and the public know the result.

In the same interview, Mr. Pemberton talks about his forthcoming début as a dramatic author. With the aid of Mr. Addison Bright's technical stage knowledge, the popular novelist has dramatised both "Kronstadt" and the "Garden of Swords," the latter being, in his opinion, the best novel he has ever published. Although written after "Kronstadt," the "Garden of Swords" will be first on the boards. The dramatic rights of this piece have been secured by Mr. Frohman, who will produce it in America shortly, and then in London.

Although Bexhill has grown too rapidly, and some of the natural beauty of the place has been sacrificed to bricks, it must be admitted that Earl De La Warr has been tireless in his efforts to promote the comfort of visitors. Not only are people safeguarded from the niggers who monopolise the sands in so many seaside towns, but street-organs,

tramps, and beggars are few and far between. Then, too, the Earl and Countess identify themselves with all the town's undertakings, and, as they are frequently in residence at the Manor House, their pretty place on the Hastings Road, during the summer season, they find time to preside over many of the local events. On two or three evenings in each week the Manor House grounds are thrown open to the public, and Herr Wurm's White Viennese Orchestra plays in the pavilion there. The effect presented by the delightfully old-fashioned grounds, with their garlands of fairy-lights, is very charming. The Earl is quite a young man, and the Countess was a Miss Brassey, who is said to have brought her husband a dowry of nearly half-a-million. Though the Earl has sold a great part of Bexhill, he is yet owner of the very best quarter of the town; and when the electric tram between St. Leonards and Bexhill is established, it is not unlikely that the coast will be covered with houses from Hastings to a point within six miles of the charming village of Pevensey, which still maintains much of its old-time beauty. The ground-values have gone to ten times their figure in 1889, and the population has nearly trebled in the last decade.

Lieutenant-Colonel Inglis, Reigate, must have seemed an ideal person to open a bazaar. After making a clever and humorous speech at a recent function in Edzell, he made a round of the six stalls, "and in the most unostentatious manner" presented each of the six stall-holders with a cheque for £100. A brother of Colonel Inglis has memorialised Edzell by a capital local book, "Oor Ain Folk," which in the number of good and characteristic Scottish anecdotes deserves to rank as a successor to Dean Ramsay's collection.

Among clever young Australians, Miss Louise Mack holds a high place. She is a bright, girlish woman of about one or two-and-twenty, and has already written two charming books, "When the World was Round," and a volume on girl-life in Sydney, typically colonial, called "Teens." Miss Mack is married to a rising young barrister, Mr. Percy Creed, and is a native of New South Wales, where she has been brought up and educated. At present she is the contributor of the "Woman's Letter" to the *Sydney Bulletin*, and is expected to be witty and sparkling without being spiteful, to pass bright comments on all the current social, artistic, musical, and theatrical topics of the hour, and always to be, as the song puts it, "funny without being vulgar." This difficult task is performed each week to the satisfaction of her editor and the many readers of the journal, while, at the same time, Miss Mack is writing



MISS LOUISE MACK, A CLEVER YOUNG AUSTRALIAN AUTHORESS.  
Photo by Alba, Sydney.

another story of Australian life. Her verses are pleasant reading, and deal with local topics. She intends shortly to pay a visit to Europe, when it will be interesting to know how the dear Old World will be viewed when seen with the young, inexperienced eyes of one from so removed a land as Australia.



Miss Fanny Harris has done some good work on the lighter stage. Three years ago, Miss Harris was in "Biarritz," at the Prince of Wales's. Playgoers then admired her very graceful dancing. Since then Miss Harris has won a provincial reputation in musical comedy. As a "boy" in pantomime she is not excelled by anyone for fastidiousness in singing and dancing. Her photograph shows a pensive face. Miss Harris was at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, a week or two ago, in "Sweet Brier."



MISS FANNY HARRIS.

Princess Victoria are abroad. Prince and Princess Charles are very devoted to their charming Norfolk home, Appleton, which is within a short drive of Sandringham.

Appleton is a charming though unpretentious house, built some years ago by the Prince of Wales on the site of a very old mansion. The little estate is remarkably healthy, being surrounded by pine woods, and the pretty suite of rooms inhabited by the Prince and Princess were entirely fitted up under Princess Maud's own personal supervision. They are very pretty and cheerful, and her Royal Highness's boudoir, where she and Prince Charles spend a great deal of their time, contains hundreds of photographs of relations and friends. Princess Charles is said to be greatly feel Prince Charles's constant absences, which are the more to be regretted as he never seems to be so happy as when spending a few quiet weeks in his English home. The Danish Naval service takes itself very seriously, and it has always been the rule that no exception should be made in favour of Princes of the royal house. Accordingly, Prince Charles's next cruise will be to the Far East; it is very probable that if this journey ever takes place, Princess Maud, following the example of her cousin, Princess Henry of Prussia, will spend a few months in China and Japan, within easy reach of the Danish cruiser *Valkyrien*.

Woerrishöfen, where the Princess of Wales has been testing the efficacy of the famous Kneip cure, was, until the middle of the century, a humble little Bavarian hamlet, but slightly known even to the most energetic of tourists. Some fifty years ago—in fact, in the year 1848—Father Kneip, who was then quite a young priest, cured himself of a variety of ailments with the aid of cold water. Soon the story got about, and during the years that followed, patients, mostly of the poorer



SWANAGE.

class, flocked from all parts of Germany. Like most originators and inventors, Father Kneip was an enthusiast, and always attended to all the patients himself.

As years went on, and the numbers increased, the demands made upon his time were so great that the Kneip Society was formed, and now Woerrishöfen has a splendid sanatorium, with twelve physicians in charge who can administer to the needs of twelve hundred patients. The

Kneip cure consists of taking full advantage of the hygienic properties of water, air, and sunshine; no medicine is prescribed, and alcohol is not allowed while actually undergoing the cure. Hitherto, the most distinguished individual who has profited by the Kneip cure is the Pope, who, five years ago, sent for Father Kneip, with the happiest results. After leaving Woerrishöfen, the Princess of Wales will proceed to Denmark, where the King, her father, hopes to entertain a family party during the autumn.

Would you refresh your jaded eyes with a cooling look at water as delightfully blue as that of the Bay of Naples? Then hie to Swanage by boat from Bournemouth. Swanage is one of the quietest watering-places on the South Coast. It is within an hour's reach by steamer of Bournemouth. But it would require a long and tedious journey to reach it by road or rail, the country being very much cut up here by the inlets forming Poole Harbour.

One of the most remarkable sights in the neighbourhood of hilly Swanage, with its beautifully blue bay, is Durlstone Castle, the grounds of which were laid out some years ago with roads ready made and named for building. The builders have not yet made their appearance, for which many people are, no doubt, not sorry, though it must have been a disappointment to the owner, who has spent a considerable sum in improvements. One of these features is the Great Globe, cut out of an enormous block of stone, and standing on the face of the cliff at Durlstone Head. Tablets arranged round it give various facts of geographical, astronomical, and, in fact, encyclopædic information. Two stones are humourously headed, "Persons anxious to write their names will please do so on this stone only," and they seem to have been well patronised. The Globe is the principal item in this open-air encyclopædia; but there are also near by a chart, on a stone slab, of the English Channel, a map of the district, a sun-dial, and lists of



THE GREAT GLOBE AT DURLSTONE, NEAR SWANAGE.

the tides and clock-times of the world, all cut in stone. Stones are arranged around the globe, pointing in the direction of the various points of the compass, and the seats provided throughout the grounds bear the names of men celebrated in history, so that the whole estate seems one in which the young idea might be led into the paths of knowledge by very pleasant and interesting means. Visit sweet, quiet Swanage if you want a pleasant and reposeful seaside place to rest in, and you will thank *The Sketch* for counselling you to go there.

As the "tipping season" is now at its height and the usual wail concerning the "gratifications" expected by servants, private and public, shows symptoms of its annual revival, the remarks of a correspondent who has just returned from the Continent are worth printing. He has a theory that the smattering of English which so many French, Belgian, and German railway, hotel, and other servants possess to smoothe the path of the British traveller is largely a result of the Briton's system of tipping. Few, very few, foreigners of the class that comes to England have the tipping habit, or, if they have, it is in a form so modified that their patronage is hardly worth having. My correspondent opines that, if foreigners tipped, Englishmen of the lower orders would soon pick up the smattering of languages needful to make them of assistance to the stranger silent in English. I doubt this latter view myself, but, from some considerable experience, believe in the preference the foreign servant gives the Britisher; it is a sound argument in favour of tipping.

I observe that Mr. W. G. Elliot, a clever and original character-actor and also a versatile "entertainer," is credited with having taken a lease of St. George's Hall, and with having engaged Mr. George Grossmith to appear there in November in a new entertainment. Messrs. H. H. Morell and Meyrick Milton had been catering very suitably at the old home of the German Reeds since last Christmas; but the early heat of the present summer, apparently, caused their enthusiasm to melt away, so to speak, and the hall has been closed for a good many weeks. I trust that Mr. Elliot will stick to his enterprise when he once begins it.



Miss May Richardson is a rising young actress of great promise. Although belonging to an old Cumberland family, she hails from St. Mungo's city, and we have Glaswegian amateurs to thank for this



MISS MAY RICHARDSON.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

addition to the professional ranks. Miss Richardson has played many parts, including Bessie in "Youth," Betsy in "Betsy," Lavender in "Sweet Lavender," Eva in "The Private Secretary," Dora in "The Octoroon," Daisy Maitland in "The Arabian Nights," Art O'Neil in "The Shaughraun," Emily St. Evremond in "The Ticket of Leave Man," Ellean in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and Amy Spettigew in "Charley's Aunt." At present she is on tour with Mr. Oswald Brand's "Harbour Lights" company, playing Lina Nelson with every success.

The accompanying photograph represents the cycling section of the mammoth athletic association connected with the great house of business, Whiteley, Limited. With a membership

of 750 and an annual income of over £800, this club is probably the largest athletic club in the world in which the membership is limited to the employees of one house of business. The club is fortunate in having secured such an excellent ground at so convenient a distance as Acton, and here are held the world-famous Kildare Sports, an athletic meeting which as long ago as the early 'seventies was regarded as one of the athletic events of the year, and the great success attending the meeting of this year amply proved that it has lost none of its prestige. The genial President, Mr. Whiteley, has taken a keen and close interest in the welfare of the club from its start, as also have the younger members of the great house, Messrs. W. and F. E. Whiteley.

The club has maintained the reputation of "the amber and blue" this year by wresting from formidable opponents the Senior West End Cricket Cup, and in rowing have secured the victory in the West End Senior Tub-four Race. It is interesting to note that the old veteran, Mr. W. J. Morgan, who as long ago as 1875 held the world's championship in the seven-mile walk, is a member of the Kildare, and pluckily turned out in the mile walk in this year's sports meeting. The cycling section has during the last two years increased by leaps and bounds. With a membership of something like a hundred and thirty, Mr. Duncan's post as secretary, we may well believe, is no sinecure.

Only those who spent the summer on the heights of the Engadine can realise the beauty of what the natives call the "second snow," which is, in reality, a carpet of the exquisite flora which spreads over those happy heights and valleys in late spring, or, again, in the full tide of summer. A wild-flower show, which is an unheard-of thing in these islands, was inaugurated very successfully at the Kulm, St. Moritz, the other day. All kinds of flowers particular to the district were gathered and grouped in the most charming combinations, and thousands of visitors came from the surrounding hotels for the occasion. The Hon. Mrs. Langton-Gore, who had been industriously scaling heights with her children in quest of rare flowers this summer, was one of the prize-winners. Comtesse Palffy was also an exhibitor. The Duchess de Sermoneta, who had promised to give the prizes, was, unfortunately, laid up with Roman fever, but the Grand Duchess of Baden valiantly threw herself into the breach, notwithstanding the fact of a sprained ankle,



A NOVEL SWISS POST-CARD.

This Post-Card, showing William Tell, his son, and the Lake of Lucerne, has been issued to commemorate the recent performance of Schiller's "William Tell" in that district.

which must have caused her some pain. The Grand Duke accompanied his wife, and took great interest in the proceedings.

It is quite worth anyone's while who happens to be in the neighbourhood of Lucerne this summer to pay a visit to the old historic town of Altdorf on any Sunday during this month or next, where the villagers have staged, mounted, and are acting Schiller's play, "William Tell," the excellence of the performance being only equalled by the simplicity and patriotic earnestness of its *dramatis personæ*. Very picturesque—though allowing but scant room for correspondence—is the postcard here reproduced. The performance is in every way so good that in all probability it will be repeated every few years.



KILDARE CYCLING CLUB, 1899.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARGENT ARCHER, KENSINGTON.



Is there a public for musical criticism? One has heard able journalists answer the question in a direct negative, basing their calculations on the notorious failure of some musical journals. But surely criticism of music, expressed in the terms of art and literature, and dominated by certain principles, will always have an audience, while mere catalogues of singers at opera or the concerts will remain almost useless. Among the really literary musical critics, few are so interesting as Mr. Vernon Blackburn (who represents the *Pall Mall Gazette*).



MR. VERNON BLACKBURN.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Mr. Blackburn, to begin with, knows how to write. He approaches music from the standpoint of an appreciator of all the arts, instead of from the narrow platform of a critic of music itself, and that of one school. Mr. Blackburn has given us one of the best examples of musical criticism in his book, "The Fringe of an Art," which the Unicorn Press recently published in a dainty form. It is the distinction of these essays that you can enjoy them without being really musical. That is

because they illustrate an artistic point of view. Thus, in his introductory essay, entitled "The Passing of Modernity," Mr. Blackburn enunciates, somewhat too elusively at points, perhaps, his entire position, demonstrating how the leader to-day becomes one of the rearguard to-morrow. Thus it is that he can praise "Parsifal" and appreciate Wagner, while understanding "The Marriage of Figaro" and enjoying Mozart. This catholicity is so rare, especially when sincere, that one turns and returns to such a book with keen zest, because it is an expression of principles, not as formally stated, but as illustrated by certain masterpieces known to all of us. Mr. Blackburn's range is not limited. Every aspect of music appeals to him, for he sketches Dr. Burney, he appraises Calvé, he writes of plain song. "The Fringe of an Art" is altogether an inspiring book, and heartens those of us who believe that musical criticism can be a genuine literary product as well as a valuable technical commentary.

A rising health resort is Woodhall Spa, in Lincolnshire, chiefly famous for the special therapeutical application of its bromo-iodine water. For this special combination of elements, I am informed, it is unsurpassed by any other known water in Europe. Again, the sparsity of the population, and the absence of factories to vitiate the atmosphere, tend to increase the Spa's health-giving character. Miss Marie Corelli, who has a happy knack of discovering pleasant retreats, writes of the place thus: "One reason that I am so fond of Woodhall is that it is as yet an unspoilt place—fresh and sweet and restful; and, then, I have such a charming abode at the Royal"—meaning the Royal Hydro Hotel.

I am able to give my readers some idea of the luxury of the Royal by the reproduction of this picture of the winter-garden, truly an ideal place for a morning pipe, an afternoon cup of tea, or an after-dinner cigar.

The Hon. Robert St. John Fitzwalter Butler, the new "Lord of Dunboyne," cannot in any wise be reckoned as one of the butterfly members of the peerage. Called to the Bar in 1869, for some years past he has held the office of Master of the High Court of Justice. In many respects Master Butler has always been regarded as one of the leading "characters" of legal London. Despite his distinguished personal appearance and a somewhat distant, if pleasing, courtesy, he has distinctly held his own amidst surroundings of a not altogether too pleasant nature. Fortunately gifted with the most sharp-sighted business acumen, the common law clerk found the now "noble Master" an official who was more than a match for the every-day chicanery of a not over lofty standard of professional honour. Courteous and pleasant, he was never to be trifled with, and so has gained the respect even of those far from high-class practitioners who are not above "snapping" advantages from unwary opponents. In the neighbourhood of Windsor Lord Dunboyne is both well known and deservedly popular, taking as he does a lively interest in river matters, especially in rater-sailing. The new peer having married the daughter of the late Captain George Probyn, is brother-in-law to the Controller and Treasurer of the Prince of Wales's household, the well-known General Sir Dighton Macnaghten Probyn, V.C. Whether the new peer intends resigning his official position is not as yet known or even rumoured. His so doing, however, would prove a matter of deep regret both to officials and the legal profession.



BOWL PRESENTED TO A. G. BOSCAWEN, ESQ., M.P., BY THE USERS AND OWNERS OF TRACTION ENGINES.

This is one of three very fine sterling silver bowls presented to Mr. A. G. Boscawen, M.P. for the Tonbridge Division of Kent, by the friends, users, and owners of traction engines, "as a slight recognition of his services rendered in promoting a Bill in Parliament, which became law on Jan. 1, 1899, removing unnecessary restrictions to the advantage of the trade and general public." The bowls were designed and modelled by her Majesty's Silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street and Oxford Street.

All who know anything about Dr. Max Nordau, author of "Degeneration," "Conventional Lies of Our Civilisation," and other weighty works, as well as a few novels and plays, realise that he is a tremendous worker, but his most recent effort surprised even his friends. He has been staying at Rennes for the Dreyfus Trial, being accredited, I am told, to one of the leading Revisionist organs, and when the recent Basle Congress of Zionists took place it was feared that he would not be present. Now, Dr. Nordau is the official reporter upon the general condition of the Jews, and his two previous speeches, in '97 and '98, had roused the attention of Europe. The Congress opened on Aug. 13, and on Monday, Aug. 14, the Court did not sit at Rennes. The great Zionist took advantage of the lull in procedure, went post haste to Basle, delivered a splendid speech upon the condition of the Jews throughout the world since the last Congress, and then, while the applause had scarce subsided, hurried back to his duties at Rennes. The physical effort is great, the mental effort is greater still. Imagine what it means to turn from the manifold mysteries of the Dreyfus affair to the equally perplexing condition of modern Jewry. Such an effort is seldom undertaken, and cannot often meet with successful achievement. It may be mentioned that, in addition to his multifarious duties as journalist, novelist, playwright, and active mover in the Zionist cause, Dr. Nordau has an extensive medical practice in the Avenue de Villiers, a fashionable part of Paris; he is a specialist in nervous diseases. He speaks at least four languages fluently, is widely read in the literature of England, France, Germany, and Italy, and no subject is too large or too small for his exhaustive consideration. Altogether Dr. Nordau is one of the most remarkable men of his time, with what a great writer—Wendell Holmes, if I remember rightly—called a "three-storied brain" and a modesty that keeps him from many of the honours that are his due.



ROYAL HYDRO HOTEL, WOODHALL SPA: VIEW IN WINTER GARDEN.



Apropos of the announcement that Mr. W. L. Courtney, the distinguished literary critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, is to give us a monograph on Thomas Hardy in Messrs. Greening's "English Writers of To-day," it is worth recalling that two brief studies of Mr. Hardy were issued almost simultaneously a few years ago—by Miss Annie Macdonell and Mr. Lionel Johnson respectively. Mr. Courtney's characterisation of the novelist will, however, be none the less welcome on that account, as he will bring to the execution of his work familiarity with both Mr. Hardy's achievement and the district of country which gives colour to

story reaches me concerning a man who has piled up a colossal fortune in Australian mines and is reputed to be able to give his friends the ardently desired "straight tip." He returned from Switzerland quite recently, looking very much better for a holiday among the mountains, and was out at a little dinner-party. Among the people present was a gentleman who has long expected to arrive at great wealth by a short cut, and has looked to Mr. Blank to point out the way. When the ladies had left the gentlemen to their coffee and cigars, the conversation turned upon topics financial, and the gentleman who was looking for glad tidings edged nearer to Mr. Blank. At last the great man noticed his proximity, and beckoned him to come nearer still. "Are you going to Switzerland for your holiday?" said the financier. "Yes, I'm off next week," said the gentleman. "Then," said the financier, "I'll give you a little tip before you go that will put money in your pocket." There was a moment's pause, and the man about to take holiday knew that the long-expected hour had come. The financier lowered his voice and continued: "Stop at the Royal Hotel if you are going up Mont Bleu; they put you up for four francs a-day, and do it excellently. I spent a week there." Then, with the air of a man who has done his neighbour a good turn, the financier took up the thread of the financial conversation. Perhaps, like the late Barney Barnato, he had grown tired of being asked for private information.



General Otis.

GENERAL OTIS AND HIS STAFF HOLDING A COUNCIL OF WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

his work. A recent pilgrim in Wessex could not find, curiously enough, any of its distinguished son's books for sale in the district, and was struck by the general apathy prevailing in regard to the novelist. This is another instance of the "prophet having no honour," a fact which is further verified by the experience of a recent tourist in Galloway, who was surprised at the absence from the booksellers' shops in S. R. Crockett's native place of any of his works. When Mr. Crockett quitted the pulpit, in order to devote his life to the literary calling, one of his relatives in Castle-Douglas exclaimed—according to a local print—"Oor Sam'l's turned an honest man at last. He used to be hauf-an'-hauf, but noo he's a' for the deevil"—a pronouncement which, it is said, greatly amused the novelist.

In the not remote future there is more than a probability that St. Kilda, the lone Hebridean isle, the most western of her Majesty's European dominions, will become a favourite tourist-resort. During the present summer there have been several trips thither, and one of our young novelists, the creator of Captain Kettle, spent a brief holiday on the island, concerning which we shall ere long have a record of his observations and experiences. The necessity of a pier on the island has been urged for a long time by the reverend gentleman who shepherds the little company of islanders, and the Government have now taken action in the matter, and landed a quantity of material for the purpose. The passage to St. Kilda is usually somewhat rough, but it has been the want of a proper landing-stage more than anything else that has been a deterrent to many who have had a desire to visit the isolated western isle.

The generosity of the brand-new millionaire is often almost as far to seek as the precise means by which he acquired his wealth, but his friends and acquaintances never tire in the search for it. A little

quaint little town composed of hepa-huts, he holds his councils of state and thence directs his army of twenty thousand natives. I am able to give some typical specimens of these warriors in the accompanying illustration. They are here armed with Mindanao spears, but they have also been supplied with rifles, probably sent out from Shanghai or Hong-Kong. Some of the cartridges found after the recent encounters are of French make. Aguinaldo managed to inspire these soldiers of his with a fine fury, exhorting them to preserve their wives and families from the cruelty of an enemy whose intention was massacre and whose object was plunder.

The "Von Leer" of Hardie and Von Leer is really Miss Von Leer. The lady is not a Dutchwoman, but an American. Mr. Hardie is an Edinburgh man.

Miss Isabel Bateman has adopted Hamlet's advice to Ophelia and got her to a nunnery. Miss Bateman, I believe, always sympathised with the Catholic section of the Church of England.



SOME OF AGUINALDO'S WARRIORS IN THE PHILIPPINES.



## STEEPLEJACKS AT NORWICH.

Perilous as seems to the lay mind the position of the little black figures shown in our illustration at the top of Norwich Cathedral spire—the highest (except Salisbury) in England—to them it is but an every-day occurrence, interesting in the present instance, but unpleasant if the



TAKEN FROM THE SPIRE OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL: GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY.

pinnacle to be reached is a chimney belching out fire and smoke. The steeplejacks shown belong to the firm of J. W. Gray and Co., of Commercial Street, London, E., the same well-known firm which undertook the decoration of the Nelson Monument last October.

The figure *in excelsis* is that of the firm's representative, Mr. Duncan Christy, who from his perch took many curious snap-shots, two of which I reproduce, one showing the cloisters, the white dots being the tombstones, and another a general view of Norwich. The man immediately below and to the right is the foreman steeplejack, below him also on the right is Mr. C. J. Brown, the Cathedral architect, and below him again is Mr. Campbell, junior partner of the firm. The other figures are the firm's workmen.

The method of ascent is as follows: Each ladder, sixteen feet in length, is provided at the top with iron sockets, into which the next ladder fits. To each section of ladder there are two "dogs"—iron staples driven into the stonework, to which the ladders are tied with rope. A "dog" is first driven in a foot or two from the base of the spire. A ladder is fastened to this, and the steeplejack climbs to the top, which is, of course, still unfastened, and sways somewhat—drives in his second "dog," and fastens the first section. Then comes a feat which the steeplejack regards carelessly, but which few men could contemplate without a shudder at so great a height, for he mounts the ladder already in position, sits astride the top rung, and, without any support save the grip of his legs, hammers in the lowermost "dog" of the next section of ladder.

The second ladder is then so bound with rope that about half of it projects beyond the end of the first, and, mounting to the extremity, the steeplejack drives in another of his staples, and hauls the ladder up till it fits into the sockets, and then makes it fast. The most dangerous part is taking the ladders down, for, as each ladder is unfastened from the top "dog," the upper part of it swings free, and, unless great care is taken, the weight of the man at the top would exercise so much leverage as to pull out the bottom fastening.

The men, of course, grow quite accustomed to their calling, nor do they feel any of the sensations of dizziness and desire to throw themselves down about which they are questioned by the uninitiated. In twenty-five years the firm have had no accident. Special precautions are taken when amateurs, such as the architects or venturesome reporters, undertake the ascent.

## MEN WITH TWO STRINGS TO THEIR BOWS.

Lord Rosebery's dictum that a man who is an eminent success in one profession can never be wholly a failure in another is much nearer the truth than such aphorisms generally are. It would be easy to draw up quite a respectable list of present-day celebrities who may be said to have at least two strings to their bows, not one working string with a host of ornamental substitutes; but all of them good, workable articles of commerce.

Lord Salisbury is perhaps the most conspicuous instance of this type of versatility. His first string may be statesmanship, but he has two excellent reserve strings, in the shape of chemistry and journalism, to fall back on if he should ever take it into his head to abandon politics. The journalistic string he plied successfully and profitably in his youth, and now his laboratory at Hatfield is to the Premier in his leisure hours what Homer and Church History were to Mr. Gladstone.

There is a popular delusion that literary men are good for nothing except their own particular trade—a silly theory which there is an army

of witnesses to confute. If Conan Doyle's popularity as a novelist were to desert him to-morrow, he could always revert to his original profession. Before he created Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Conan Doyle had an excellent medical practice at Southsea, and is still young enough to find fame and fortune as an eye-specialist if by any chance he should grow tired of writing his inimitable stories.

Indeed, the list of men who have other strings to their bows as well as the literary one could be multiplied almost indefinitely. R. D. Blackmore finds recreation, as everyone knows, in practising the trade of a market-gardener. At present, market-gardening is his crutch and literature his profession; but, if he so desired, he could rely exclusively on his crutch to find him bread-and-butter—and some extra dainties too. I sincerely hope the author of "Lorna Doon" will soon be better.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, if novel-writing failed, could afford to view the failure with equanimity—that is to say, as far as his pocket is concerned. The author of "Tess" has dabbled in architecture all his life, and is one of the most able architects in the country. A practical illustration of his skill can be seen in the house in which he now lives, which was built entirely from his own designs.

But perhaps there is no man living who has so many strings to his bow—and good working strings, too—as Dr. Mahaffy, the famous Professor of Trinity College, Dublin. An account of Dr. Mahaffy's accomplishments would require a special article all to themselves. First and foremost, he is one of the leading historians and Greek and Latin scholars in the Kingdom. This would be a pretty full programme for most men, but it doesn't nearly exhaust the list of the Irish Professor's accomplishments. He speaks French and German like an interpreter, and not only plays the piano and violin better than many professionals, but possesses such an intimate knowledge of harmony and the theory of music that he is one of the Examiners for the musical degree in Dublin University. Then he is a first-rate cricketer and a first-rate shot. In the above list of accomplishments there is the making of half-a-dozen useful professions, so that nothing short of a universal earthquake could possibly leave Dr. Mahaffy without a career.

Professor Jebb is known chiefly as a great classical scholar and a fluent platform-speaker, but he has another string to his bow. Even if he knew no Latin or Greek, Professor Jebb would have made a name for himself as a writer of English prose. The late Professor Froude, who ought to know something about the matter, once remarked that the last half of the nineteenth century produced only two great artists in English prose; one of these was Cardinal Newman, and the other Dr. Jebb.

Artists, like literary men, seem to run to double-barrelled careers. Professor Herkomer will probably always be remembered as a great painter; but this is a mere accident, for his knowledge of music is quite as extensive as his knowledge of painting. Mr. Herkomer is shy about airing his accomplishments in public, but his intimate friends know that he is a musician, both practical and theoretic, of a very high order indeed, and that his ability as a conductor has attracted the notice of no less critical a judge than Herr Richter.

It was at one time a toss-up with Weedon Grossmith whether he should adopt the stage or painting as his profession. He chose the former, and is consequently known as a professional actor and an amateur painter—a rough-and-ready distinction that doesn't at all do justice to his skill with the brush. Weedon Grossmith has often confessed to a hankering after an artist's career, and anyone who has seen his pictures in the Academy and elsewhere will readily understand what a future Weedon has before him if ever he returns (professionally) to his old love.

Max Beerbohm, among many other things, despises specialism; so he keeps the two strings of his bow in daily working order, and is content to let the public decide for themselves whether nature meant him for a writer or an artist, a decision that is complicated by the skill with which the versatile Max performs with both of his strings.

Dean Farrar is one of the few instances of a cleric having more than one string to his bow, but he is a capital example of discursive ability. Before he had become known as a great preacher, he had achieved a double-barrelled success as a schoolmaster at Harrow and the writer of the most realistic story of school-life since "Tom Brown's School-days."



TAKEN FROM THE SPIRE OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL: CLOISTERS AND TOMBSTONES.





STEEPLEJACKS AT NORWICH.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The cricket season of 1899 cannot but be called unsatisfactory, for it not only has been barren of definite result to an unusual extent, but the most important series of matches has been decided by the issue of one out of five, the other four being unfinished—three for lack of time, and one owing to rain. Numerous county matches have been left unfinished through too ample or too slow scoring, and the whole history of the year tends to prove that some change in the conditions of the game is necessary if it is to retain any large degree of public interest.

Almost for the first time we have had to play cricket under Australian conditions, with an endless series of hot, fine days, and on wickets perfect for scoring. Naturally, the Australians have had a huge advantage, especially at first; the grounds they played on might be strange, but the climate was one with which they were more familiar than their antagonists. They might have brought it with them. Their style, suited to countries where cricket can go on most of the year, and where first-class matches are few and can take all the time necessary to finish them, is eminently adapted to win or draw. When there is the least fear of defeat, and sometimes when there is not, they stonewall till the bowling is broken, and then hit. If the other sides had generally practised these tactics, no match would ever be finished in England, unless the wicket was difficult.

But not alone by the Australians have the present rules of cricket been shown to be defective. Such matches as that between Surrey and Yorkshire, in which over twelve hundred runs were scored for less than two complete innings, and that by two county elevens each tolerably strong in bowling, are absurdities. On smooth wickets in fine weather the bat has plainly conquered the ball, and the longer the fine weather lasts the more crushing is the superiority of defence over attack. For the bowlers, especially the fast bowlers, who are most deadly, grow more tired and disheartened with each long day of leather-hunting; then averages swell portentously. The sting is taken out of them, unless the ground favours them by some defect. And that is a chance that grows yearly less likely.

What is to be done? We cannot adopt Australian methods—we have too many matches to play. The fault is not so much in our bowlers as in the fact that modern precision and experience—one might almost say science—favour the defensive in games as in war. Our artillery in real warfare is far more powerful and efficient than that of even twenty years ago; our infantry arms and our machine-guns would never give the muskets of Waterloo or the rifles of Inkermann a chance. But nothing is more certain than that in any future war the loss on either side will be less in itself, and far less in proportion to the number engaged, than in historical battles, and fewer fights will be really decisive. The only way of being inevitably beaten will be to make a front attack.

In war, we cannot go back to old methods, nor do we want to make wars necessarily decisive; but in games we must have a result, or no one will take any interest in them. Further, this change, if cricket is to be the game of the future, must affect the rules. In any game, anything allowed by the rules will be done, if it tends to win the game—nay, it is the duty of a player to win all the advantage he can for his side, provided he keeps within the laws. If “stonewalling” tires opposing bowlers, and renders a win probable, or averts a defeat, plenty of players will stonewall. Notts was for long a stonewall county; Barlow, of Lancashire, was as desperate a sticker-in as Noble or Darling. Something must be done to ensure that stonewalling may break down earlier than it does. That is all; but what is to be the change?

The worst of altering the size of bat or wicket is that it alters the game and renders useless the entire structure of play, the whole theory of batting, that have been laboriously built up for so long. The fourth stump, the half-inch off the bat, would rob “Ranji” of some of his most beautiful strokes. Perhaps a slight increase in the width of the wicket and a larger measure in its height might be permissible. The conditions of scientific defence would be much the same, and the chief difference would be that the balls which now beat, but do not bowl, the batsman would both beat and bowl him. And this is just; the batsman should stop all balls that are likely to endanger his wicket, and if he misses one, and finds it has missed his bails by the sixteenth of an inch, he is morally bowled. Still, the change in dimensions must be small. We must not alter the moves of our pieces.

Better worthy of adoption are those alterations that would tend to equalise the fatigue of batsman and bowler. Boundaries may be further, or, at least, all runs must be run out. A boundary wire-fencing to stop all but lofty hits is another suggestion.

Something at least must be done, or our national game may “die of its own too much.” And then our Empire will also fall.—MARMITON.

## THE KAISER.

When Bismarck delivered his famous speech on the necessity of increasing the German Army, concluding with the proud words: “The Germans fear God, and nothing else in the world,” an occupant of the Press Gallery added in a whisper: “Yes, there is something else the Germans are afraid of, and that is cold water”—in allusion to the Teutonic distaste for the matutinal tub.

But as William the Second (to None) is in most things an exception to all his subjects—and, indeed, to all mankind as well for the matter of that—so also he shares not their horror of soap, water, and rough towels. For the first thing he does every morning of his life is to jump out of his bed into a cold bath. And syne, like the French King (Louis Philippe) immortalised in Bon Gaultier’s Scotch ballad about the Queen’s visit to France—

And syne he loupes intil his sark,  
And warsles on his claes.

This “warsling on” of his clothes is an operation all the more difficult as the Kaiser, like Nelson, is practically but a one-armed man—his left hand having been paralysed since his birth, owing to the bungling of the German doctor who presided thereat. But one would never think so from seeing the Emperor standing or riding, for he has a habit of letting his withered hand fall with a natural grace on the hilt of his sword—the proper place for the hand of such a military monarch. The consequence is that when he draws his sword, in leading troops past and the like, he must hook his reins on to the pommel of his saddle, care being taken by his Master of the Horse to mount him only on such chargers as have had more than a circus training in ease and docility of movement.

For the same reason his Majesty, like our own hero of Trafalgar, has to eat at table with a combination knife and fork, which he always takes with him wherever he goes; and he has one of the heartiest appetites in a nation of huge eaters, though he is very sparing with his drinks, like his grandfather before him. His favourite wine is Hock or Moselle—two very different things, though they are often confounded in this country, and these he generally mixes with mineral water. When the hottest fit of Chauvinism was on him after ascending the throne, he forbade the use not only of French words on his menus, but also of French wines, and thereby hangs the following true and telling tale.

When in 1889 the Kaiser paid his first visit to the Sultan, the latter called a council of his wise men in order to consult them as to the best means of pleasing his Imperial guest. “Give him German champagne,” suggested one grave counsellor, and accordingly some of the costliest brands of this peculiar beverage were forthwith ordered. Now, on the night when the Sultan gave a grand banquet at Yildiz Kiosk in honour of his fellow Sovereign from the Fatherland, Sir William and Lady White had a diplomatic reception, among their guests being Count Herbert Bismarck, then acting as Foreign Secretary, who had gone on to the Embassy after his feast with Abdul Hamid. “Well, Graf Herbert,” said Sir William, in his bluff, hearty way, “what sort of a dinner did the Sultan give you?” “Oh!” replied the Count, “the dishes were superb; but as for the wine”—with a very wry face—“it was something too abominable. I wonder where the devil they got it!”

But the Kaiser has now become less exclusive in the wines he offers his guests, having perceived that the boycotting of French champagne would only tend to exacerbate the feelings of a vanquished nation and retard its reconciliation to the accomplished facts of 1870-71.

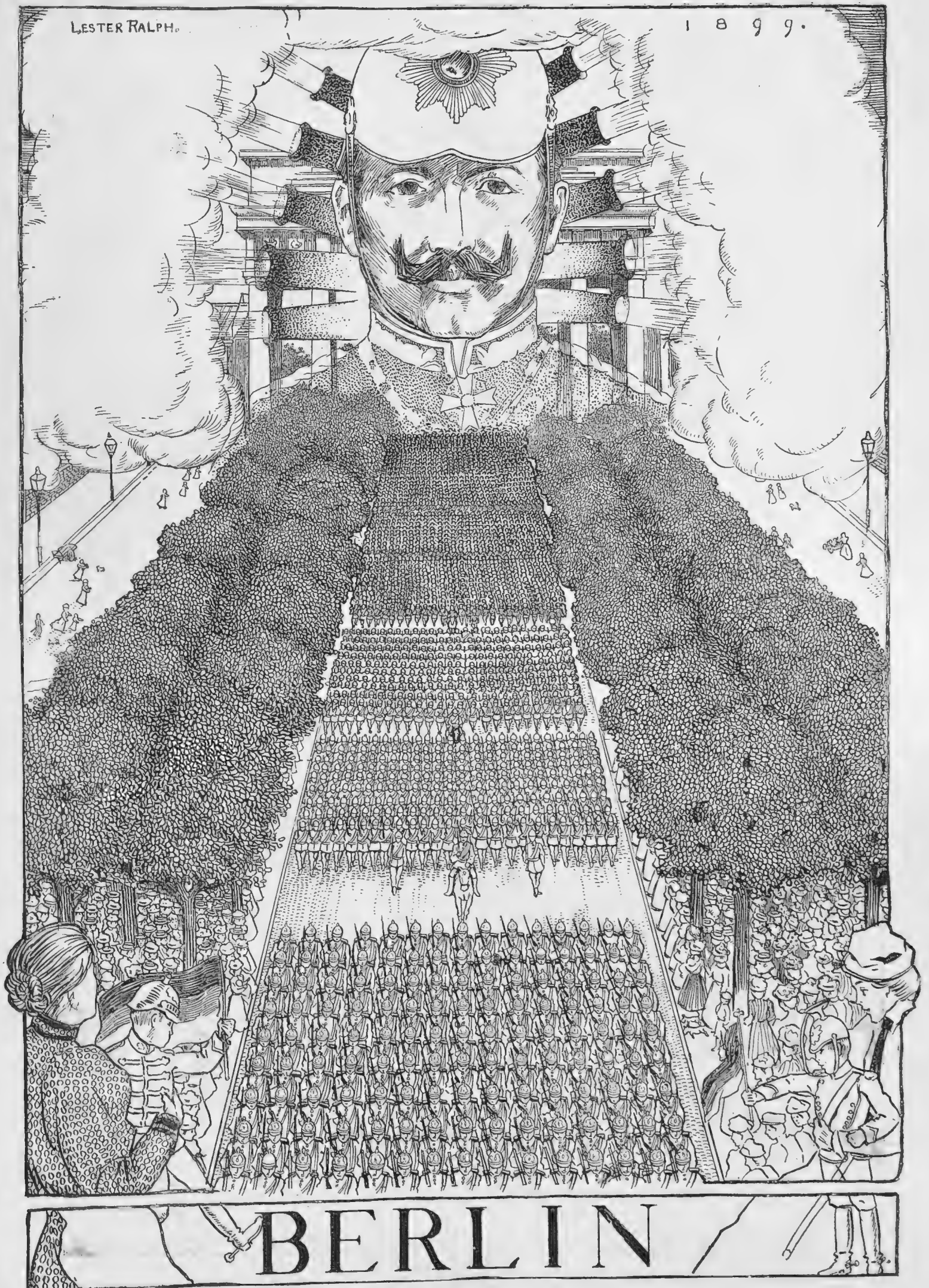
At the same time, though now occasionally admitting French wines to his table, he still rigidly excludes French words from his bills-of-fare, so that his foreign guests are offered “Fleischsuppe” when they expect “bouillon,” and are supplied with “Rinderbraten nach Englischer Art” in lieu of “Bœuf roti à l’Anglaise.”

But though the French may have lost a couple of provinces, they still retain their sovereignty over the stomachs of men and monarchs, and there is a French *chef* in the imperial kitchen at Berlin! At ordinary times the Kaiser’s “kitchen-master” contracts to dine each of his Majesty’s guests for seven shillings and sixpence, though on grand occasions this individual tariff rises to as much as a guinea and a-half.

Their Majesties rarely or never lunch or dine without several guests, and these are of a far more varied and miscellaneous order than are ever admitted to the table of our own Queen. The Kaiser has little time for reading books, but he is a great reader of minds, a diligent picker of the brains of men, who, after all, are far better instructors than mere printed volumes, so that few guests leave the presence of the Emperor without the conviction that he is one of the best-informed men, even on their own special subjects, they ever came across. His Majesty possesses—even Bismarck frankly admitted this—a remarkable faculty of assimilation, and he is the greatest questioner of his time.

But though also one of the best talkers of his time, he is, nevertheless, a wonderfully good listener, which is one of the rarest qualities of clever men, not to say geniuses; and to this category of talent we certainly must assign the Kaiser, who has already proved himself to be by far the most capable monarch that has occupied the throne of Prussia since it was vacated by Frederick the Great.

William II. does not smoke to the extent that was done by one of his ancestors, Frederick William, the kidnapper of giants. But he, too, holds an occasional tobacco parliament of an evening, when he puffs away at a penny Dutch cigar of very light brand, and entertains his guests to sandwiches and bocks of Munich Hofbräu. On these occasions, his conversation is of the liveliest and most natural kind in the world—artless, yet not without a subtle touch of the *ars celare artem*.







COUNTESS RUSSELL ON TOUR AS WINIFRED GREY IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL."

*The Countess Russell is the latest stage recruit from Society circles, and adds lustre to one of Mr. George Edwardes's "Runaway Girl" touring companies.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLUTY, TYNEMOUTH.

# "THE ROUNDERS," AS PLAYED IN AMERICA.

*From Photographs by Byron, New York.*

It is now nearly two years since there was produced at that home of "ultramarine" plays, the Palais Royal, a musical mixture called "Les Fétards," written by MM. Antony Mars and Maurice Hennequin, and composed by M. Victor Roger. The authors being evidently unable to adequately describe this work, simply called it "a piece," doubtless to indicate thereby that kind friends in front would be expected to pay their money (or be "passed in") and take their choice of a description.

It proved to be a very naughty "piece"—even for the naughty Palais Royal. In spite of this, however, or, perhaps, because of it, sundry English and American impresarii and adapters were speedily found upon the track of "Les Fétards." It is, perhaps, the chief item of interest to our native playgoers in this connection to know that Mr. George Edwardes, very early in the proceedings, easily won "hands down" (with, of course, money down) in the race for the English rights of this play. The management of the New York Casino anon secured the American rights, and after much argument, not altogether unmingled with hesitation, an American adaptation of "Les Fétards" was produced at the aforesaid casino a few weeks ago under the title of "The Rounders."

It is with the American adaptation that the pictures we present in *The Sketch* deal. This adaptation was the work of Mr. Harry B. Smith, a native comic-opera librettist, who is often as quaint as he is prolific in this line of business. Mr. Smith has only had one comic opera produced in London, namely, the one called in America "Robin Hood," but tried at our London Prince of Wales's Theatre as "Maid Marian." He has, however, had several comic operas "copyrighted" in London, all in that humorously mysterious manner which now seems inseparable from the "copyrighting" farce. In each of these operas Mr. Smith has had for composer Mr. Reginald De Koven, a very melodious and graceful musician.

Like many another French play, "Les Fétards," alias "The Rounders," has for its chief characters a husband who lapses ever and anon from the path of marital fidelity, and a wife who, being (like Othello) "wrought and perplexed in the extreme," seeks for awhile to retaliate in kind upon her erring master. Each "carries on"—as the saying is—in a manner common enough in such Parisian mixtures, and each has a respective "high old time" here and there, until remorse or disclosure sets in.

Our illustrations of "The Rounders" will convey some notion of the situations used in the American adaptation. Many of the principal local papers expressed themselves profoundly shocked at "The Rounders." The critic of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*, while admitting that Mr. Smith had expurgated most of the nastiness of the original, added that the cleansing



AN EFFECTIVE QUINTETTE.

was by no means complete. This critic pointed out that many of the lines were "too vulgar for decent ears," and that the bold suggestiveness of some of the situations was equally offensive. The same writer also complained of "the unnecessary and undesirable profanity," of which no Broadway—or, for the matter of that, no Bowery—production had ever had "so liberal an allowance." The *New York Clipper* was as severe, or even more so. It described "The Rounders" as containing "fully three hours of real clever stage foolery, and at least one hour and a half of vulgar dialogue and incidents." The *Clipper* critic added that "the silence with which the suggestive portions of the work were received was proof positive that a show need have no salacious feature to succeed at this house"—meaning the Casino.

Mr. Edwardes, who, of course, will take care that his adaptation will give no ground for such denunciations as those quoted above, has, it appears, not yet settled as to what date or at which of his theatres he will produce his version. Whenever he does produce it, it seems all but decided that the ever-dainty Miss Letty Lind will appear in the London cast. As to a name for his adaptation, Mr. Edwardes has also as yet arrived at no actual decision. He had, we learn, a notion of calling it "The Black Prince." But surely this is not a good name. It does not matter, of course, that a play called "The Black Prince" was written a couple of centuries ago by the Earl of Orrery of the period. Neither is it of any moment that two plays called "Edward the Black Prince" were produced at Drury Lane and the Goodman's Fields Theatres respectively in Garrick's early days. To our thinking, the objection to "The Black Prince" as a name for the English version of "Les Fétards" is that it is likely to be confounded with "My Friend the Prince," which was originally entitled "My Friend from India." But Mr. Edwardes will no doubt find a good title yet.



A TENDER EPISODE.



"THE ROUNDERS," AS PLAYED IN AMERICA.

*From Photographs by Byron, New York.*



A COMBINED ATTACK.



LOVED, AND UNABASHED.

"THE ROUNDERS," AS PLAYED IN AMERICA.

*From Photographs by Byron, New York.*



BY THE GLAD SEA WAVES.



A CRASHING FINALE.



## IN THE SALLE DE JEUX.

[Scene: The Casino at N'Importe-ou-sur-Mer; huge table down one side for *les petits chevaux*; crowd of people, almost all French. In a corner, near an open window, two elderly ladies sit knitting. One lady wears a black-and-white polo-cap, large diamond earrings, a blue silk blouse, black crêpon skirt, and white sand-shoes.]

The polo-cap lady: "I assure you, Madame, it's most unfortunate. This is our third season here, and we have not married Marie Amélie yet; it's the fault of my husband."

"Indeed, Madame, how is that? What has Monsieur Leblanc done?"

"He's got a ridiculous mania for fishing in the harbour. At low-tide he's down on the sand digging up nasty worms; at high tide he's fishing; and in the evening he spends his time tying on hooks and trying to invent new tackle. We might as well have remained in Paris, and he could have fished in the Seine."

"But does he catch nothing?"

"Only a few eels and merluches. They're not bad *en mâtelote*; but he won't take me to the Casino, or join the Club, or go to the café, or do anything to become acquainted with other men here who may have sons to marry. I wish he were more like your husband."

"Ah, it's a pity! This is a capital place for marrying—why, you know that even the Dumays have got off that little *rossignol* of theirs, Jeanne."

"Indeed, I didn't know."

"It was arranged only yesterday."

"How much is she marrying?"

"A share in a large manufactory of paper collars, said to be worth one hundred thousand francs."

"That's not much; she has at least five times as much—an only child and expectations."

"Yes, but she's very plain, and not over-young."

"She has very pretty legs—indeed, she has risked her health, shrimping, bathing, and bicycling, in order to wear costumes to show them."

"Ah, that's the trouble with us—poor Marie Amélie is not strong in that quarter. That's why I wanted to take her to Spa or somewhere where there is not this silly shrimping and bathing. But about Jeanne? It's a poor marriage, anyhow."

"Well, there were difficulties. It looked as if it could not be arranged, but the young de Claireville—the *fiancé*—had a brilliant idea of increasing the profits of the business by printing advertisements on the inside of the paper collars, and on the spot got a contract from *le savon du Congo* for an advertisement, and M Dumay was so delighted at his cleverness that he consented to the marriage."

The voice of the *directeur des jeux*: "A little silence, if you please. One can't hear oneself playing. *À vos jeux. Le jeu est fait. . . Rien ne va plus. . . C'est le six qui gagne. Une pièce de cinq francs sur la bande. À qui la masse de cinq francs?*"

The polo-cap lady: "Oh dear! I feel sure I should have put on the six if I'd been playing! Oh, there's Jeanne! Oh, that's scandalous! She's in a bicyclette costume, and I know she's not been riding to-day. That's not fair play."

A young man comes to the window; he has a heavy shrimping-net, and is dressed in flannel shirt and knickerbockers, without stockings; his clothes are soaked with sea-water. He speaks to the mother of Marie Amélie: "Madame, I have just been shrimping, and caught these." He holds out a basket of shrimps. "I permit myself the honour of offering them to you. They are quite fresh."

The ladies giggle at the customary joke. Madame Leblanc accepts them gushingly and with many phrases, and the young man goes off to change.

Marie Amélie approaches—a rather pretty blonde with bad complexion. "Maman, I have lost all; do let me have two more francs."

The mother refuses; long discussion. A woman enters with a little boy, walks to the table, and puts five francs in the child's hand, saying, "*Mon chou*, place it on any number you please."

The polo-cap lady: "Quick, Marie Amélie; here's five francs, put it on the number chosen by the boy; we'll have luck."

The horses go round, and the number chosen by the little boy wins.

The polo-cap lady: "I told you so! I hope he'll stake again."

The woman with the child: "Oui ça, porte bonheur."

A stout, elderly Englishman in check dittoes, with knickerbockers, wearing a bowler, who has watched the episode with disgust, turns to the child's mother—

"Madame, c'est—t—honteux de instruire un jeune onfong à jouer comme cela. Ça porte bonheur comme vous disez, mais c'est à le diable."

The mother turns fiercely. "Qui vous a donné le droit de fourrer le nez dans mes affaires," she continued at a rapid pace, and his French is quite inadequate.

The Directeur calls vainly for "Un peu de silence!"; a crowd gather round; a boy outside calls out, "En voulez-vous des z-homards?"; another yells in answer, "Avec des poils aux pattes!"; and then both, "Ah, les sales bêtes!" An American, acting on the famous "Blood's thicker than water," joins the Englishman, and lends a somewhat fuller vocabulary. The croupiers, not unwilling to get rid of the child—for, like all croupiers, they are superstitious—call in the guardian, and the Englishman, the American, the woman, and child are ejected, the woman protesting violently that she had a stake on the three, and finally using the term "sales bêtes" indiscriminately. G. F.-S.

## SCARBOROUGH SKETCHED AND PHOTOGRAPHED.

In the beginning of things, Scarborough's name was Skardaborga, because she stood upon a rock. The Yorkshireman of ancient date, however, called her "Skardaborgar." Scarborough still stands upon a rock, but, womanlike, in due course she changed her name, though she retained the "Scar" in order not to hurt the Yorkshireman's feelings.

In Scarborough there are many things to be seen, but only one thing to do. The things to be seen are—but I have lived in Scarborough all my life, therefore I have naturally seen them. I am told, however, that there is an oldest inhabitant (or his grandson); I know his grandson, who for a consideration will point out the exact place where King Harold stood when his army defeated Tostig and Hardrada, and also the place where Oliver Cromwell offered up a pious little prayer when his battery reduced the Castle to its present condition. What the Castle, its present condition, is, everybody knows who has been to Scarborough. Those people who have not been to Scarborough are of no account, therefore it is needless to go any further into the matter, or to dilate on the fact that the Castle was originally built by William le Gros in 1136, that its walls are twelve feet thick, and its keep measures fifty-four feet each way. Anyone doubting these facts can prove them to his own satisfaction by going over them carefully with a three-foot rule.

Besides the Castle, my friend the grandson—of the oldest inhabitant—informs me that there is a Lady's Well capable of holding forty tons—how I wish in these hot days my well had an equal holding capacity—a Cliff Bridge, over four hundred feet in length, a People's Palace and Aquarium, several theatres, one museum, a racecourse, a cricket ground and a cricket week, much boating and bathing, to say nothing of fishing, some three dozen churches, some half-dozen newspapers, several harbours, six hospitals, and one cemetery. When it is added that the one cemetery is nineteen acres in extent, the wonder is that Scarborough has an oldest inhabitant at all. Be that as it may, I have not been to the cemetery—yet, nor is it my present intention to go, if I can help myself.

We will therefore take the cemetery, like the Castle, on trust, and talk about the things I know while we walk upon the "Spa," which is the one thing in Scarborough to do.

Now, what I don't know about the Spa is not worth knowing. I could give the oldest inhabitant (*not* his grandson) ten miles start any day of the week and beat him when it comes to the Spa.

In the first place, don't call it the "Spa." Local colour demands that you should pronounce it "Spaw," or get as near it as you can for sipping, which is the charge for going on. The Spa is—but it is easier to say what the Spa is not: it would take less time and be much more explicit. Therefore, I will say in one word what the Spaw is. The Spaw is Heaven. After that, there doesn't seem to be much left to be said about the Spaw. If anyone is disposed to think this is an exaggeration, let him take to himself a chair on the upper balcony, and, while the soft wind blows on his face, watch the shouting and laughing thousands down below and listen to the music of the sea.

The air is like a draught of strong wine, but it is not only the air which intoxicates the sense. It is the thoughts which the mighty wind and the roaring sea send coursing through the heart and soul and brain. If anyone wishes to know what such thoughts are, let him take unto himself a chair and sit upon the Spaw.

In the olden days the Spaw was called the Spa because it boasted two mineral springs, which elegant ladies in frills and furbelows, and elegant gentlemen in swords and wigs and velvet coats, came to drink. Nowadays the Spa is called the Spaw because the elegant ladies in muslins and laces, and the elegant gentlemen in flannels and green suede shoes, come not to drink. Still, as in the old day, the waters remain absolutely efficacious for those who have nothing the matter with them. For those who have, let them take the advice of a doctor rather than the waters of the Spa.

There is a legend that an old, old gentleman who bathed his failing eyes in the healing waters of the Spa and after many moons, as is the way of old, old gentlemen, departed nameless, and with his eyes restored to sight. But I never met the old, old gentleman, and I am dealing not with legends but with facts, which reminds me that all unwillingly I have done Scarborough grave injustice. There is not one thing to do in Scarborough, but two—the "two" being to sit on earth and watch the tram—the tram which climbs up the inaccessible cliffs and, for the expenditure of one penny, saves you some hundreds and twenty-four steps—especially the twenty-four.

One penny! Day after day, day after day, you sit and watch the tram. Day after day, day after day, you sit and finger your penny delicately and make up your mind to go. Day after day, day after day, the tram goes and you sit still. One day you make up your mind. You make your will. You pay your penny. You enter the tram. The tram goes up. And so do you. You get to the top. You pay another penny. The tram returns to the bottom. So do you. The charm is on you. The madness has begun.

Up and down, down and up! Whither the tram goes there go you. Down and up, up and down! You change your silver into coppers; you change your gold into coppers; you change your banknotes into coppers. And still the tram goes, and still you go with the tram. Up and down, down and up! some hundreds and twenty-four steps, especially the twenty-four. Down and up, up and down! But still the rope breaks not; only your bank breaks. The tram goes on, but you do not go with it. Instead, you borrow a third-class fare to London to write of glories departed.



SUN PICTURES OF SCARBOROUGH.

1. The Spa and South Bay. 2. Westborough. 3. North Bay and Pier. 4. The Harbour and Castle Hill. 5. Cliff Bridge, from the Sands. 6. Esplanade above the Spa. 7. The Castle.

From Photographs by the Standard Photo Company, Strand.





MRS. LANGTRY.

[The "Jersey Lily" reappears at the Haymarket to-morrow night in Mr. Sydney Grundy's new comedy, "The Degenerates."]

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFELD ROAD, N.W.



MRS. LANGTRY.

[See Mr. Sydney Grundy on the new Haymarket play in which the "Jersey Lily" reappears to-morrow night.]

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.



## PEN-AND-INK SNAP-SHOT: SYDNEY GRUNDY.

It is always a pleasure to meet that sturdy "Manchester man," Sydney Grundy—always providing you are a friend, and not an enemy, for if you happen to be the latter, the meeting is one you are likely to remember. But even if you chance to be opposed to this brawny dramatist in any way, you cannot but admire his gladiator-like habit of hitting out either with tongue or with pen, or with both. With all his warrior-like method, however, this brilliant and epigrammatic writer of plays has, appropriately enough, a big heart to match his burly frame. Moreover, ever and anon he may be observed to unclench his massive jaw and to cause his determined visage to twinkle into the heartiest (because thoroughly English) mirth and kindliness.

In all the years I have known Sydney Grundy, which is ever since he started sandwiching the scribbling of stage plays with the study of the law, I have only known one thing concerning which he ever manifested any uncertainty. That is, as to whether he should wear a clean shave or go about bearded like the pard. Touching one matter, however, I have always found him quite as adamant as was the Governor of Tilbury Fort with regard to the love pleadings of the wild and white-satined Tilburina. In other words, whether Grundy at any time wears a beard or no, he always insists in wearing a "briar-root." Mustard without beef, soda without whisky, Fabien dei Franchi without his brother's ghost, a County Councillor without a complaint, Cupid without his bow, or (as a certain unintentional humorist once remarked) Fidas without his Achates—these, or, indeed, any other example of minusness that could be adduced, were all as nothing compared to Sydney Grundy without his pipe. He walks with it, talks with it, eats with it, drinks with it, writes with it, sleeps with it, and even rehearses with it.

Thus resigned, he calmly poured forth many an interesting remark concerning this or that stage work, by himself and others, from the earliest ages to the present time—remarks now quaint, now caustic, now lively, and anon severe, but always instinct with what the late Lord Beaconsfield attributed to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, namely, "The Spirit of Gay Wisdom." My listening to him thus awoke within me many a reminiscence of plays of his, such as "Mammon" (which he wrote for the Strand in his early youth, and afterwards, in his riper years, re-adapted at the Haymarket as "A Bunch of Violets"), "The Silver Shield," "The Glass of



MISS LILY GRUNDY, DAUGHTER OF MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY, WHO APPEARS TO-MORROW NIGHT IN "THE DEGENERATES," AT THE HAYMARKET.

*Photo by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

Fashion," "The Snowball," "The Arabian Nights," "Merry Margate" (at which place he just now seeks intervals of refreshment after rehearsing), "A White Lie," "The Silver Key," "The New Woman," and those two delightful plays, "Sowing the Wind" and "A Pair of Spectacles."

It is as a developer of character and dialogue rather than as concoctor of plot that Mr. Grundy elects to be judged. Strong story of the melodramatic kind has never really been his forte, although he has furnished forth examples of this sort of dramatic fare—such as "The Bells of Haslemere" and "The Union Jack"—in collaboration with Henry Pettitt and other melodrama merchants, and a play or two of the strong dramatic sort with George R. Sims.

And now to consider some questions of Mr. Grundy's next new play, "The Degenerates," which Mrs. Langtry is to produce at the Haymarket to-morrow night. My researches into this matter cause me to describe the piece as an elaborate (and, of course, epigrammatic) social satire, showing the effects of what one may call the "gingerbread" form of society upon certain folk, who in many instances might, under wholesome influences, improve—at least to some extent, instead of deteriorating—consumedly. In this satire (in which the author would appear to have adopted something of Mr. Pinero's manner in similar pieces) Mrs. Langtry plays the character of a fascinating woman of the world whose better nature is becoming more and more debased under the unwholesome influences aforesaid. This woman, however, thanks to subsequent association with the pure-minded young daughter who has too long been kept from her, ultimately beholds the true inwardness of the hollow and useless life she is leading, and bids it farewell.

For this play, both Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Grundy have, I find, done more than is usual on such occasions. The lady, in order to make the scene which is the counterpart of her own room at Newmarket thoroughly realistic, has had a vast pantechicon-load of her own magnificent furniture carted to the Haymarket and specially insured. Mr. Grundy, on the other hand, has given his mind (or some of it) to the selection of five contrasting types of feminine beauty as exemplified respectively by Mrs. Langtry, Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Dorothy Drake, and his own daughter, Miss Lily Grundy.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.



MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY, THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEGENERATES."

*Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.*



MISS FANNY WARD, WINNER OF THE "PELICAN'S" SMARTEST LADY COMPETITION.

*Who is "The Smartest Lady of To-Day?" Why, Miss Fanny Ward, according to the "Pelican" readers, who gave 27,572 votes for the captivating Marcelle of "A Night Out," thus entitling this pretty actress to the First Prize, a Two Hundred Guineas Diamond "Pelican" Brooch, by Streeter.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



## BAYREUTH: IN THIS AND OTHER YEARS.

FROM A MUSICAL CORRESPONDENT.

I have been to Bayreuth now several times, and each time with surprise, never bringing away exactly the same sentiments, the same emotions. There are some musicians with a clear passion for Wagner's work who have never been there at all; and they are not to be envied. There are others who do not care about Wagner in the least, but who profess a complete *ennui* about the whole matter. These may be disregarded; for when a critic chatters about "the Wagner nonsense," and has himself never taken the trouble to find out anything about it, praying the while such gods as he has to deliver him from all knowledge of it, then we have reached a bed-rock of stupid prejudice that one necessarily passes by with contempt, and yet with placability.

I profess myself to be no "ardent Wagnerian," even though one of those critics to whom I have referred has chosen quite recently to describe me by that flattering title. I am a definite and unmistakeable admirer of Wagner. Well, and I am no less a definite and unmistakeable admirer of Mozart, of Beethoven, of Handel, of many another noble and magnificent musician. And if I, or any other man, choose to make a controversy out of Wagner, it is merely because there has never before been a case in which great art has been met by so stolid a stupidity of appreciation, so imperturbably uninteresting a scorn. This visit which I have just paid to Bayreuth, however, has had a surprise of reaction. I met a man two or three days back who has been a worshipper at the Wagner shrine for years—ever since the famous '76 performances of the "Ring," in fact. I had been to Bayreuth, so I told him. "Unlucky man!" was his reply. "Life is too short these days, I find, for Bayreuth."

And all the while I was sensible of a reaction, for when I went there, three years ago, I found the performances of the "Ring" not in the least to my liking. With those poor performances, moreover, the reverence attaching to the place seemed to have vanished. One looked upon a customary theatre giving interpretations of less than a customary average of merit, and therewith emotion stepped away into space. This year, however, the performances, so far as I have witnessed them, have been such that my old reverence, my old sentiment for Bayreuth, has returned and flourished vigorously. "Parsifal," of course, belongs intimately to Bayreuth and to Bayreuth alone. But the music of it is now so well known on every side that it is not likely that an alert critic would be deluded by any fictitious fancy. With all that knowledge, however, and with lively reminiscence, the performance of "Parsifal" a day or two back impressed me most profoundly and with singular intensity of persuasiveness. It was certain that the chorus of youths in the Graal Scene was woefully out of tune; Gerhäuser was not exactly a strong Parsifal; Fenten's Klingsor was inclined to be dull and heavy. Nevertheless, the four hours' traffic of that stage was most memorable, most delightful.

The conductor's name was, for some reason or other, unpublished to the world; but whoever he was, Richter, Mottl, or Siegfried Wagner, despite a somewhat extreme slowness now and then, the playing of the orchestra was excellent throughout. The *ensemble*, however, was the thing; and there Bayreuth assuredly triumphed. Each actor played into the other's hands with such distinction and with such enthusiasm that it was not possible to feel in an ordinary critical humour, to judge with a separate severity here and there. Ternina's Kundry, again, was altogether a fine and satisfactory performance. Her energy, her depth of sentiment, her wonderful absorption in the part were superb and magnificent; her singing, too, was equal to her acting. You felt that here was a strong woman playing a strong part, and playing it with every nerve stretched, every fibre alert. Kraus's Gurnemanz was excellent in its enthusiasm, and was finely sung. As a rule, this part is somewhat smiled at, as being something of a bore. Kraus certainly never failed to make it engrossing; he was more than explanatory—that is the limit which most exponents of the part of Gurnemanz reach—he was directly and personally wrapped up in his part. The mounting was really magnificent—no other word suffices.

In a further set of notes I will deal not only with the Bayreuth "Meistersinger," but also with one or two other performances, both of Wagner and Mozart, which I have encountered in Germany. For the moment, it may be enough to say that Bayreuth has, to my mind, emerged from a somewhat gloomy shadow within which it had undoubtedly wandered, and has done so by performances outside the rather debateable land of the "Ring." For in its "Meistersinger" and in its "Parsifal" the Festival House still glows with some of its old life.

The Indian "Tommy" becomes more up-to-date every year, for not only is he now not lost in wonderment at the spectacle of his British comrades straining muscles and nerves in kicking about a ball on "India's coral strand," but he joins heartily in the game himself. The Somerset Light Infantry (of whose winning teams *The Sketch* recently published portraits) have just established something like a record in the competition for the Murree Cup. Last year the regiment won both the Murree and the Punjab Cups, and this year the "Light Bobs" had two teams left in until the semi-final ties. The second team was beaten by the Scots Fusiliers; but the first team, after an extra ten minutes, managed to score the winning goal. Last year the final was fought out by the same regiments. But the Somersets do not merely train their own men, but the Gurkhas of the 25th have had the benefit of their services, with the result that last year the active little hillmen were victorious over thirteen native regimental teams with which they competed.

## ARREST OF THE COMTE DE SABRAN-PONTIVES.

The charming little town of Cauterets, in the department of the Hautes Pyrénées, was the scene of intense excitement one night recently, on the occasion of the unexpected arrest of the Comte de Sabran-Pontives, one of the most prominent leaders of the Legitimist party in France.

Cauterets, a delightfully primitive spot lying on both sides of a tumbling, foaming torrent in a narrow valley enclosed by high, dark, wooded mountains and snowy peaks, is about one of the last places where one would expect to find a "conspirator," and nothing so sensational as the arrest of an active revolutionist has ever occurred before in the annals of this select, high-bred little watering-place.

The Comte de Sabran, who has been here for some time, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, in company with his wife, is a man about sixty years old, of very fine physique, and most polished manners. He is also a splendid shot, and has been carrying off a great many of the prizes from the pigeon-shooting matches got up by M. Meillon at the Casino Club.

That his arrest will, of course, be a great blow to his party goes without saying; but I happened to be crossing the Place St. Martin at the moment when the gendarmes took him into custody and marched him off to the police bureau, and I thought he seemed to take his imprisonment with admirable coolness and equanimity. That he belongs to the *vieille souche* of France, by temperament and character as well as principles, seemed to me very evident, unless it may be, perchance, that he has grown accustomed to this sort of thing. It is the third time that his loyalty to the old régime has put him within the clutches of the law. It was rather cruel of them to take him away just as he is in the midst of doing his "cure," too.

At Cauterets everybody drinks, or gargles, or bathes, or inhales, or douches himself or herself in one or more of the various mineral waters of varying temperatures, and the morning scene from seven to nine o'clock on the terrace of La Raillère, the fashionable gargling establishment, is full of side-splitting amusement to an onlooker endowed with a sense of humour.

Here all the world is matutinal. You get up at six, lunch at eleven, dine at six; consequently, at the moment of the Comte de Sabran's arrest, a great many people were still at the dinner-table; nevertheless, a large and inquisitive crowd witnessed the event, but without making any demonstration. Nobody recognised him then, or had any notion why he found himself "in *durance vile*." Afterwards it leaked out, and when the bulk of the visitors appeared for their evening stroll on the Promenade, it became naturally the topic of conversation.

About 9.30 a large concourse assembled in the Avenue Mamelon-Vert, at the corner of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and at one time it was feared that matters might take a serious turn. One burly fellow, with a stentorian voice, kept shouting with all his might: "A bas les Juifs! Vive la République! Les traîtres à la lanterne!"

He was surrounded by a band of the rougher element of Cauterets, who re-echoed all his words and burst into howls of execration at the mention of "traitors."

Another ghastly looking individual began: "Vive l'Armée! Moi, je suis la France." &c.—the rest of his doubtless eloquent peroration was lost to me in the shouts and cheering that greeted this speech.

"If you are la France, my poor men, Heaven help her," I felt tempted to reply, but feared to find myself hustled as "perfidious England," so decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and held my tongue.

The illustrious prisoner was taken off by the gendarmes sent to arrest him in a reserved compartment of the electric tram down to the railway station at Pierrefitte, from which they took the train to Paris.

The police searched his apartments at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and it is said that they found incriminating evidence of a combined rising projected by the Legitimists for the near future. That being the case, it will, I fear, be some time before the Comte de Sabran will be in a position to wing any more pigeons.

The last really great sensation of Cauterets was a tragedy in which the principal parts were played by some of our own compatriots, and the sad story is still well remembered and much talked about by the inhabitants.

It was towards the end of September that a young English couple, Mr. and Mrs. Pattisson, came here on their honeymoon, and made an expedition, amongst other places, to the Lac de Gaube, at the foot of the snow-wreathed Pic de Vignemale. Being an excellent oarsman, Mr. Pattisson took his bride for a row across its brilliantly blue and green waters, and, foolishly enough, began to play tricks with the oars, overbalanced himself, and fell out of the boat. His terrified young wife jumped after him, and they both struggled together in the water.

A boatman who witnessed the accident rowed off at once to their assistance, but by the time they were picked up life was extinct. The lake is fed by the two neighbouring glaciers, and the intense coldness of the water had "frozen the life out of them," to use the graphic words of these mountain people. Their bodies were brought down with great difficulty to Cauterets and taken home to England for burial, but a monument has been erected on the spot beside the lake where they were landed.

A HONEYMOON TRAGEDY.



SCENE OF THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR. AND MRS. PATTISSON ON THE LAC DE GAUBE.



VIEW OF CAUTERETS AND HÔTEL D'ANGLETERRE.



## MISS CONNIE EDISS.

Like the omnibus-driver, who, when he got a holiday, went and sat beside another driver, Miss Connie Ediss, during the vacation which Mr. George Edwardes has given his Gaiety "Runaway Girl" company, has entered on an engagement with the Alhambra Palace acute manager, Mr. C. Dundas Slater, to troll forth some of her delightful ditties at that grand variety theatre, to the no small delight of its audiences.

The humorous lines and the "catchy" music of those well-known songs, "When my Hubby is Sir Tom," "When I used to Ride a Gee-gee in the Circus," and "'Taint a Proper Way to Treat a Lady," never went better, as now sung by the dumpling-like and quaintly waddled little singer, who, in going to the Alhambra for a short spell, carries our memory back to a few years ago, when the number of Connie Ediss's "turn" on the bills was the signal for a vociferous welcome from her music-hall friends.

Most of us remember those favourite songs of hers—"What could the Poor Girl do?" also "She had Never Done a Thing Like that



MISS CONNIE EDISS.

Photo by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Before," while "Rosie," adapted from the turf poem of "Kissing-Cup's Race," always brought down the house. Besides singing at the "halls," Connie Ediss has appeared in pantomime.

It is said that Mr. "Teddy" Marks saw her playing Jack—or it may have been Jill, for she played first one and then the other character—when Miss Ada Reeve gave up her engagement at the Comedy Theatre, Manchester, and mentioned her to Mr. Edwardes. Anyway, that discriminating judge engaged Miss Ediss directly he heard her at the Empire, Brighton, to play Ada Smith in the "A" touring company of "The Shop-Girl." It was the first part Miss Ediss had ever played, and we know what a huge "hit" she made with it afterwards at the Gaiety, when replacing Miss Bessie Bellmore.

Her subsequent successes are too recent to require any detailed notice; but it may not be so well known that Connie Ediss, with that capable actor, Mr. Murray King, gives, from time to time, "flying matinées" (the idea of Connie Ediss flying is distinctly precious) in some of the provincial and suburban theatres, "His Last Chance," a musical play, being a great favourite with audiences. Off as well as on the stage Miss Connie Ediss is always the very soul of merriment—for does she not hail from the Emerald Isle?—while, if you want to have a really good laugh, you should get her to tell you the story of how she escaped "a runaway horse" on her bicycle, or how she dodged an engine in America.

## NOTE.

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## THE MANAGERS OF THE MIDGETS.

From the days of that famous theatrical manager, Mr. Vincent Crummles, downwards—and perhaps even before him—theatre directors have not been utterly devoid of confidence, not to say cheek. The Midget Managers, Herren Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld, however (who, by the way, are not by any means Midgets themselves), I found to be quite a couple of Horatios, as it were. They are (as Hamlet might say) as modest a pair of men as e'er my conversation coped withal.

To judge from the calm and studious manner of these German twain, each is thoroughly businesslike in his respective department, Carl devoting all his energies to the stage management of these Midgets and their miniature plays, and Theodor confining his attention to the front of the house, where the shekels come from, and (it is to be hoped) will go too.

Seen together, these Teutonic twins have almost a Dromio-like resemblance to each other, and the only way you can distinguish one from the other is when they speak—which isn't often—and only then when absolutely necessary. Then, do you observe that Theodor is somewhat more fluent in the English tongue than Carl? Both brothers are quaintly and quietly genial, and both are hopeful withal that their efforts to provide a new and peculiar form of entertainment for London playgoers' consumption will meet with reward.

Whether that be so or not, these efforts certainly demand respect, as anyone who has watched the preparations and rehearsals (as the present writer has done) can cordially testify. And, whatever Londoners may think of the pieces which these Lilliputians have performed under the direction of the Rosenfelds in Berlin, Moscow, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Milan, Venice, Trieste, Copenhagen, Warsaw, Budapest, Odessa, Constantinople, and what the poet calls "the Beautiful City of Prague," not to mention New York and all the leading cities of America, our native playgoers will assuredly be delighted with the Lilliputians themselves, for, be it noted, these miniature nummers are by no means "freaks" (or "prodigies of Nature," as "freaks" have lately demanded to be called). No; these midgets, ten in number, supported by many clever folk of normal stature, are certainly diminutive, but in no sense deformed.

Their dimensions vary but little. Thus, Franz Ebert, the leading comedian, and a dabbler in all kinds of sports and pastimes, has more years than inches, the former numbering thirty-two, while the latter tot up to twenty-eight only. On the other hand, a droll named Adolf Zink (a Bohemian in more senses than one) has thirty-one inches to twenty-six years. Again, Berthe Jaeger, a Russian born and neat-figured damsel, can boast thirty-four inches of height. Being a lady, of course one waives the question of the years she has attained. There is also a thirty-one-inch German leading lady, yclept Selma Goerner, whose comic and pathetic performances are said to have gained eulogy from the best of her native tragedians of both sexes.

One of the smallest of these tiny Thespians describes himself as the Englishman of the group. He was born in New York of German parents, and has the not quite too English name of Ludwig Merkel. The smallest of the whole strength of the Lilliputian company is Helene Lindner, who is what a Lilliputian Joe Gargery would call "a fine figure of a woman."

A smart actress is the wife of the leading man, Franz Ebert, a lady whose views, I gather, seem to lead to the possession of real estate property rather than that more portable so yearned after by honest Mr. Wemmick. The two who among these Lilliputians are quite Broddingnagians, as it were, are Max Walter, who looks loftily down from his height of thirty-six inches, and Herman Ring, a thirty-four inch heavy villain, who, perhaps because he was born in Dantzic, seems anxious to cultivate quite a spruce appearance.

In the company is also a British Lady Lilliputian born in Glasgow, and apparently American as to her sympathies: The last-named attribute is probably owing to the fact that she was taken from our small island to Brother Jonathan's full-grown continent when she was only three months old, and there had no power of protesting against such expatriation.

I found all these Lilliputians intelligent, humorous and polite to a degree, and already full of interest regarding our habits and customs, our places of amusement, our yacht races, our test matches, and so forth. I make no doubt that when they start their season on Friday, Sept. 1, at the Olympic, which the Messrs. Rosenfeld have thoroughly cleansed and redecored, they will be highly popular. After their opening piece, "A Trip to Midget-Town," they may appear in sundry other plays and spectacles, haply including one called "Newspaperdom," which, according to the managers of these Midgets, suggested the Empire's grand and gorgeous Press Ballet.

Braced up and invigorated by the benefit matinée that was given on her behalf at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in the summer, Miss Jennie Lee, the incomparable Jo of other days, is preparing to appear before the public in a new character. In September, she will start on tour with a new "sensational drama of domestic interest," from the pen of H. Bromley Monkhousé, with the capital title of "'Midst London's Millions." A large number of London and provincial theatres have already been booked, and all Miss Jennie Lee's friends will wish her success in her new venture. Her clever young daughter, Miss Joan Burnett, will be a member of the company.

"A TRIP TO MIDGET-TOWN."

*Due at the Olympic on Friday, Sept. 1.*



FRANZ EBERT AS NAPOLEON.  
*Photo by Pach Brothers, New York*



"DIE LILIPUTANER."  
*Photo by Pfäum and Co., Berlin.*



FRANZ EBERT.  
*Photo by Pach Brothers, New York.*



ADOLF ZINK.



MR. ADOLF ZINK, MISS SELMA GOERNER, AND MR. FRANZ EBERT.  
*From Photographs by Pach Brothers, New York.*



FRANZ EBERT



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE BOY AND THE BICYCLE.

BY G. E. MITTON

Everyone called him a boy, though he was five-and-twenty. It was partly, perhaps, because he had no tendency to any masculine vices. He could never learn to swear or smoke, and to drink even moderately was a carefully cultivated accomplishment practised at college as a difficult social virtue. He lived with his mother and sister, and liked it; yet he was as hard as nails, and as full of life as a kitten or a young puppy. He had the temper of a fiend when aroused, which a physiognomist might have gathered from his curious, liquid, three-cornered eyes. Lithe and light, a brilliant cricketer, an excellent shot, with a keen sense of the humorous, he was bound to be popular wherever he went.

The boy caracoled about the road on his bicycle one early autumn day, now spinning along in the dead leaves by the footway, now coasting on absolutely level ground, where no other mortal could have made the wheels run but by application of the pedals, dashing on for twenty yards, and turning with a whirr, to circle round his sister as she worked steadily forward.

"Butterfly!" she remarked with some contempt. "Dick and Mervin will be frightened out of their wits if you behave like that when they are with us."

Rose Hewly was sedate, and somewhat phlegmatic, the very antithesis of the brother whom she adored.

"Dick really a good sort?" he demanded, making his machine stand still suddenly in the roadway. "You always speak as if he were a kill-joy of sorts, an old sober-sides. Don't marry a man of that ilk, Ro; two of you together would relapse into a state of profound boredom. You ought to have a fellow like me, who would——"

"Great Scott, Maurice!" ejaculated Rose, startled for once out of her usual equanimity, "there's the train. They'll be in the station long before we can get there, and they'll think there is no one to meet them."

The smoke of the engine indeed appeared, a soft, wispy cloud, as the train emerged from a cutting far in the valley below. Like a flash the boy shot past her, and swung in an instant to a narrowing speck on the long, straight road—"scorching" was his soul's delight.

"You must be a changeling; it's quite impossible you and your sister should be so near of kin."

A party of four on bicycles were running in even couples along a country road. Rose Hewly was ahead with her *fiancé*, Dick Redwood, and Maurice followed with Mervin, Dick's sister. She, a little, bright-eyed shrimp with a dash of piquancy, had completely captivated the boy. He had, heretofore, with the easy philosophy of a wholesome mind, adhered to the doctrine that any average man and average woman would be happy together if once the knot were irrevocably tied, and had lightly rejected the doctrine of fate and affinity as morbid rot. Yet in the last three weeks, during which he had necessarily seen a great deal of Mervin, his ideas had changed.

"Hang it all! I daresay I could get on with a lot of girls, but I want her!" he had muttered pathetically to himself as he had wandered restlessly about in the evening, alone in his den, while the lovers said a long good-night in the drawing-room, for his mother and Mervin had retired. "She makes it all fun, but she treats me with the utmost contempt; if I went about in tail-coats and played the well-informed young man, she'd love me and look reverently at me, as she did at that boiled-potato sort of an artist who's so fond of coming here without being asked."

The Redwoods' visit was nearly at an end; they were to leave the next day, and the boy's heart bubbled and throbbed within him as he rode beside Mervin in the crisp air. He longed to tell her he cared for her, but he could not. On the contrary, his efforts at gravity only provoked her uncontrollable laughter, and at last he gave them up and played the monkey tricks he loved the whole way to the village of Bureham, where they were to have tea. And at tea Rose and Dick were so gloomy and woebegone at the prospect of separation on the morrow, and were in such a peculiarly idiotic state—the state where a furtive but ill-concealed pressure of hands under the table is brazened out by a defiant stare, and varied by that disgracefully unabashed process which is commemorated in a song called "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," that there was nothing for a fellow with any self-respect to do but to "keep up his end," and this Maurice proceeded to do, with his usual vivacity, until even his sister was reduced to extremities of weak laughter, and Dick abandoned the furtive squeeze.

"Are you ever unhappy or depressed?" Mervin demanded as they started homewards. "I can't imagine that you know what it is to feel."

This was awful, and all because a fellow had done his best to throw himself into a very obvious breach; yet, at all events, it gave him an opening, and there were six or seven miles lying in front of them during which he could plead his cause, for Mervin could not by any possibility escape from his society. Not a generous thought, but the boy was desperate; however, he opened the matter in the worst possible way for his own interest, for he blurted out his hopes defiantly all in one breath.

"Feel? Of course I do. You ought to know that! By Jove, when

I think I shan't see you again after to-morrow, I feel. You don't believe that, I suppose?"

She broke into a merry laugh. "Don't, Maurice" (she, like everyone else, had instantly adopted his Christian name), "it's too ridiculous! I suppose you want to make fun of me now."

He pedalled along with his hands in his pockets at a terrific pace until he was almost on the top of those other two; then, when he was close to them, he saw through the gathering dusk that they were going along hand in hand, and he wheeled as if he had been shot, and, turning again, ran into line with Mervin.

"Well?" he said.

"Well what, you ridiculous boy?"

He groaned.

"What's the matter now?"

"Will no one ever treat me as anything but a kid?" he said. "Mervin, I care for you; I do honestly. I feel as blue as—a blue-bottle, without you; but you only laugh at me. You won't take me seriously."

She spoke more gently. "My dear Maurice, I like you very much, but—I don't want to hurt you. I don't believe you can think seriously about anything. I believe you mean what you say at this moment, and perhaps you will miss me for a day or two; that's natural. You would miss any companion you had seen so much of as you have of me in these last few weeks."

"You don't think I can care deeply?"

"Don't be so hurt. Yes, that's true. How can I think so? I don't believe you can even understand what it means to care, as, for instance, those two before us care; you can only make fun of them."

"People have different ways of caring; I couldn't, I really couldn't, picture myself spooning in public."

"Well, the spooning is not necessary; but you are too volatile. I don't think you would ever care enough for anyone to make a sustained effort for them."

"Oh, I'm selfish, that's right enough; why didn't you say that at first? But, after all, there are a few selfish men who have wives, you know."

He said it with such grave sincerity that a smile twinkled in her eyes.

"I have a fiend of a temper, too," he said. "I don't suppose I should be a bit the model husband; but one doesn't come along to tell a girl one loves her with a character certificate in one's hand."

She grew annoyed. "You are not the sort of man I could respect," she said. "It isn't the temper—I could stand that; it's the general irresponsibility and frivolity. I couldn't rely on you in an emergency."

"I'm getting it hot now," he thought; and he waited patiently for more, but nothing came.

"You do care for me a little, though?" he urged, after a short pause.

"I've told you I like you," she said hastily; "as a companion, you amuse me very much."

He winced, but said aloud, airily, "Well, it's something not to be classed with the bores, isn't it?"

He little knew how near he had been to winning his heart's desire. She had sternly demanded of the future what she could expect from it if she had such a boy for a husband—selfish, pleasure-loving, unequal to discipline, without endurance. Why, it would be misery. So she had fought against her feelings. Yet, if he had pleaded tenderly, had done his utmost to convince her that this was no mere passing fancy on his part, she could not have resisted; instead of that, he had replied with an easy jest, and her heart hardened, so that she rode home obdurately through the darkness.

Rose dying? When? How? Why?

It was the awful suddenness of it that drove in the blow with smashing force. It was about three weeks since the Redwoods had left Alton, and Maurice himself had been away for the last week, and had returned home late one night, having ridden back on his beloved bicycle to be greeted with this appalling calamity.

Directly after Mervin had gone, he had been oppressed with a wild restlessness that made him more unstable than ever; he was utterly miserable, yet his spirits had apparently abated no whit, and even his sister had failed to notice there was anything wrong with him. He had gone to his work, and had bicycled and over-tired himself in the weary effort to obtain mental relief through physical exhaustion, yet, all the same, he had played his usual antics and made no confidant. He could not tell his feelings to anyone. He had tried, for he was really fond of his sister, and had every reason to count on her sympathy; but he was incapable of clothing his feelings in words, for, as with many outwardly shallow men—his reserve was, in reality, impenetrable. At last, however, his mother had commented on the long blue-black lines beneath his eyes, and set it down to too much cycling. She suggested he should leave home for a week; he went, but only on condition that the bicycle went also.

As he entered the house on his return, his first warning of his sister's illness was through one of the servants, and then he saw his mother and the nurse. It was a case of blood-poisoning, and the girl had only been taken ill about five o'clock that evening, five hours before. She lay in a comatose state, and the restoratives had no effect; the doctor had almost given her up.

THE FIVE SENSES.



No. III.—TASTING.

(To be continued.)



Maurice stole into the room, creeping behind the screen, and started when he saw the dead-green whiteness of the face he knew so well; she rolled her head from side to side with closed eyes, and muttered incessantly; he bent nearer and found that all her muttering was one word in endless repetition, "Dick, Dick," and again "Dick."

"Have you telegraphed for Dick?" Maurice asked anxiously.

"How could we?" asked poor Mrs. Hewly. "It is only since eight o'clock we thought her in any danger, and, besides, how could he come?"

She broke down utterly and hurried away.

Maurice interviewed the doctor and briefly demanded, "If her lover were to come, would there be any hope of his rousing her?"

"There is a slender chance in that direction. In these cases, to get the patient to make a fight for life is everything, and often an unexpected presence of the sort you suggest works wonders."

With racing step, yet quiet as a cat, Maurice reached the den, and dashed over the pages of the railway-guide. A—B—C—D—L—M—Ma—Me—here it was—Merton, train from Alton, the last just gone; train from Merton to Alton, 3.30, an express that got to Alton at 5 a.m., stopped to put passengers down if required. Distance from Alton to Merton sixty miles. Present time, 10.30, and, if Dick were to catch that express, he must leave his own house not later than 3 a.m.

Maurice scribbled on a sheet of paper, "Have gone to fetch Redwood on the bicycle," and gave it to a servant, telling her to hand it to the doctor, and in an instant he was in an outhouse lighting the lamp on his machine. He had had nothing to eat for many hours, and was worn and not well, but he forgot all that in the excitement of the moment.

"Poor little fellow!" he said as his hands trembled with excitement. "You've had a good run to-day already. Never mind, it's for her life, her life. Come on," and, shutting the door behind him, he was on with a flying leap, without touching the pedals, after the manner of the trick cyclists.

He knew the road—that is to say, he had ridden over it in daylight once, and it was a tolerably straight main-road for most of the way. To-night it should have been moonlight, but the clouds were heavy, and only a faint glimmer showed the long white road stretching away before him. Maurice had felt worn and overdone when he had arrived home half-an-hour before, but bicycling was a second nature to him, and he hardly felt the pedals as he flew along. The night wind braced him as the good miles unrolled themselves beneath his flying steed. He had had a dim idea that the wind had been rising in fitful gusts earlier in the evening, but it seemed to have dropped again, for all was still enough now. That was well; the task he had set himself to do would need all his strength; against a wind it would have been impossible. It was better that it was night-time, for he would meet fewer people, and would not be seen scorching, and be run-in by the police; little would they have cared for his explanation that it was for a sister's life. For the first five miles the way seemed easy enough, a long, sinuous, undulating road with gradual ascents and descents. The machine was highly geared, and the hills would have been hard to a less experienced rider; but long habit had accustomed Maurice to the work, so that the upward slopes did not trouble him greatly, and as for the downward ones, he put his feet up, and coasted. There were no very stiff hills either way as yet. The trees, dim, gloomy shapes, shot past him, looming large with extraordinary rapidity as he drew near, and vanishing behind.

At the end of a lane were upright posts through which he would have to push the machine, and he lost some time in slackening speed before he need, under the impression that he was almost upon them; there was also a bridge to be negotiated, and over this he passed, then he stooped down and noted the cyclometer for the first time. By the way he had come, the whole distance would be about fifty-eight miles, and of this he had accomplished thirty. He glanced at his watch—twenty minutes to one. He was on the right side, but the worst half of the road was to come. He recollected a long hill, very steep, up which it would task him to ride at all. By way of a momentary rest, he wheeled his bicycle up a steep little pitch that lay before him, and remounted at the top. Absolute blackness surrounded him, and until he rejoined the main-road he was not quite certain of the way. Cautiously passing down one narrow lane after another, he groped along until he turned sharply out on to the great broad highway once more. By the turn he lost the help of the wind, which now came across at an angle, retarding rather than helping him forward. It fell at intervals, and then he sprinted forward before another gust came; but the intervals were longer and longer apart, so that the gusts merged at length into one steady continuous push, the push of a giant hand in a velvet glove. For the first time in his life he swore with a feeling of relief; he cursed the wind aloud with deadly emphasis, and the wind chuckled softly in the dead leaves by the wayside.

The speed carried him partly up the great hill which he had been dreading and which lay just beyond the village. Then he collapsed; his strength utterly left him, and he seemed to have no life in his lower limbs. A tremendous crash brought him to himself, and he bounded off instinctively, pulling up within ten yards of a huge bough of an elm-tree, which lay in splinters over the road. If he had gone headlong into that he would have been a mangled heap.

With some difficulty he lifted his bicycle over, for the projecting branches got in the way, and he was afraid of spiking the tyres. A long strip of level ground, and then there was a steep hill downwards, marked, as he knew, with a caution-board at the top, "Dangerous to Cyclists." The hill curved and turned, growing steeper and steeper, and ended in a narrow stone bridge with walls on either side; but he could not afford to pedal—he must coast, even if it meant death; he had lost too many

minutes by inevitable delays; to regain them by spurts was his only chance, or he might as well give up and acknowledge all his agony and sweat to be in vain. Up went his feet, and down he shot; he must chance that bridge. In the turn of the hill the wind caught him at the back with almost superhuman malice, and, just when he did not need it, drove him forward at terrific speed. The force of gravity would have sent him on with dangerous force, but gravity and wind together shot him onward as if he had flown out of a catapult. He had no brake; he had never used one, and he would have hardly dared to do so now in any case, for the friction would have been too great. Down he rushed, cleaving the air with such an impetus that the force of the wind behind was cancelled and seemed nothing. Every faculty was on the alert, every nerve strung to its highest pitch; the reaction after torpor had come, and he was almost supernaturally alive. For the first time in his life he knew what it was to feel really horribly afraid; a choking agony was in his heart, he would have screamed had he been able to do so. He experienced the physical pain of terror in a way a man seldom experiences it; he was absolutely helpless, an atom hurled on to destruction. Already, in imagination, he felt the grinding smash of his head against those stone walls at the foot of the hill; he could not escape it except by a miracle. He tried to regain self-control, to realise it would all be over in a second; but the creeping horror of the contact entered into his very bones, and on, on, he flew. He set his teeth. Would the hill never end? Was he never to be put out of his agony? He could not call it suspense, for the certainty of that stone wall was at the end. The machine began to slacken slightly; his tension relaxed a little. What was stopping it? He might, after all, have some power over it. Then all at once he began to recover, and realised that the bridge was far behind; he had shot over it without even knowing he had done so. The wind was still driving him on; if it held for a couple of miles more, he would be in Merton, and, after that, one mile, and he would be at the house.

He could not have seen his watch even if he had had it out. He must trust to chance. He might arrive to find he had missed his aim by a hair's-breadth; the last precious minutes of hope might slip by while he vainly tried to arouse the house; or, worse, he might see the hands of the clock pointing to the hour at which the train started, so that Redwood could not possibly catch it. As these and similar thoughts occupied him, he sped on, and the level seemed a downward slope, because of the wind behind; the miles ran by beneath his wheels, and the houses of the town were on either side of him before he had expected to see them. Another mile, and he was fumbling at the garden-gate, for the house was on the outskirts of the town, and boasted a garden. Then a banging and a ringing loud enough to wake the dead. It was Redwood himself who flung up a window to ascertain the cause of the din.

"For God's sake let me in!"

Maurice's voice gave him a second's preparation for disaster. He dashed downstairs and unbolted the door, while Mervin, in her dressing-gown, peeped tremblingly over into the hall.

Maurice stumbled in, and, snatching the candle from Redwood's hand, held it to the grandfather's-clock. The hands stood at seven minutes after three. He fell down in a heap on a chair, and in broken, disjointed sentences gave his explanation; but, halting as they were, they were quite sufficient, for Redwood's instinct leapt at the facts. He was into his clothes and down again while Maurice gasped to him to take his machine and ride on it to the station. Then Mervin ran down and stood in deepest pity before the draggled, worn object in the hall, for the boy lay as if he had been dead, with ghastly face, and torn, mud-bespattered clothes.

"Oh, hang the weary thing! I've been riding for two months without resting; mayn't I get off now, or have I to be a man-bicycle for ever?"

Maurice spoke in his usual tone, though rather weakly, as he opened his eyes some two days later and gazed straight up into Mervin's face.

"You may get off now," she answered, humouring him; "though I don't quite believe you, seeing you have been in bed two whole days under my own care."

He closed his eyes again in complete satisfaction; but scraps of thought pieced themselves together in his brain, and all at once he sat bolt upright.

"Rose?" he asked.

She made him lie down again. "She is getting well; nearly out of danger, thanks to you."

"He got there in time?"

"Yes; and the sight of him roused her as nothing else could have done to fight for her life."

"But how absurd," said the boy, "for me to be in bed! There's nothing in the world the matter with me."

"I hope not now, but, if you had heard all the queer things you've said in the last two days, I think you'd realise that there had been a trifle the matter with you."

He smiled. "Was my language enough to lift the roof off?"

"Pretty strong; but they say that's always the way in delirium even with the best men."

"Am I a man, Mervin? I thought I was only a boy when I went to sleep."

"You are a man," she said, with infinite tenderness; "a man of energy and resource; but—do you know, Maurice—I think—I'm not quite sure—but I believe, after all, I like the boy best—for everyday wear, at all events."

# THE HOMES OF THE LAKE POETS.

Overhead stretched the summer sky, with little patches of white fluffy cloud stealing out from the "Jaws of Borrowdale" and developing, under the spell of some magic wand, into delicate webs of silver grey, which trailed lazily along an open sea of blue like the torn fragments of

a bridal veil. Away down, beyond a broad breast of purple bell, the waters of the fair "Queen of the Lakes" glittered like jewels in the morning light, and farther to the west lay its twin-brother Bassenthwaite, still and sullen under the dark shadow of Skiddaw, and girded, where the sun dips down in a flood of gold to rest, by the fir-wooded Wythop Fells.

In the green valley between the lakes reposed the little town of Keswick, a fairy dwelling-place shut in among the mountains, with the grey-faced church of Crosssthaite on the outskirts, in the graveyard of which lie the mouldering bones of Southey, and under whose roof a life-sized figure of the poet is to be seen cut out of marble brought from the sunny



WORDSWORTH.

Photo (from a Painting) by Pettitt, Keswick.

shores of Italy. Overlooking Crosssthaite, and near the laughing, wayward baby Greta, amid a tall, thick, noisy rookery, stood imposing Greta Hall, the home of the Laureate Southey, and for some time the residence of S. T. Coleridge, the gifted sire of Hartley Coleridge, whose body lies in Grasmere Churchyard by the side of his own and his father's friend, the simple, pure-minded, and big-hearted William Wordsworth.

There is something very solemn and sad about the dawn of day among the mountains, and as the grey mists roll up from the valleys, the heart beats to a mournful melody, and the mind takes sober flight, until the big sun shows himself over the tips of the hills and bathes the whole land in one huge sweep of mellow, yellow light. Then the song of the bird breaks in chorus upon the ear, and thought makes way for fancy, and we are once more kings and queens among men, with God's great gift of freedom for our kingdom, and a clump of mountain-heather for our throne.

We had just watched the change from death to life from the wooded slope of Latrigg, and somehow the sight of Shelley's house on the edge of the coach-road to Ambleside struck a quivering cord of pain in our hearts as we called to remembrance the gloomy end of the girl-wife who had lived with him under its roof, and who in her sweet simplicity of heart replied, when asked if they had the use of the garden in front, "Oh, yes! the people let us run about it, whenever Percy and I are tired of sitting in the house."

Later in the day, we found ourselves at Grasmere, and were able to obtain a peep at Dove Cottage, the early home of Wordsworth, to which he brought his wife as bride, and where, in after years, also resided the English opium-eater and clever penman, De Quincey. The place still

remains unaltered: a low, white-washed house, with a wealth of jessamine creeping up in front, and the old yew-tree, where the poet used to hang his favourite bird to sing; still standing—a living link with the hallowed memories of the past. And this calls to our mind another white-faced cottage at Hawkshead, about five miles from Ambleside, where Wordsworth lived during his school-days, for both he and his brother, who afterwards became Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, were educated here, and the Laureate himself makes reference to the place in the lines—

The antique market village, where were passed  
My school days.

Beyond Dove Cottage and on the road to Rydal, at the foot of Nabb Sear, stands Nabb Cottage, a low, ivy-clad dwelling-place, where Hartley Coleridge lived and died.

As Rydal Mount came into view—a two-storeyed building, with Virginian-creeper and a mass of ivy and coloured roses clinging to its walls—we could see in new light the true beauty of the white marble statue of the poet which stands in the grand old Abbey at Westminster.



COLERIDGE'S HOME: NABB COTTAGE, RYDAL.

Photo by Pettitt, Keswick.

For Wordsworth was essentially Nature's poet; even the modest daisy was to him a flower in which abode some concord with humanity; and, in his poems referring to the period of childhood, we find in his own words how closely his soul was knit to God's universe and the workings of His will—

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky;  
So was it when my life began,  
So is it now I am a man,  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!  
The Child is father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

In our picture, then, we have something unique—Rydal Mount as it was in the days of Wordsworth, not as it is now, "the dwelling of the



RYDAL MOUNT, AS IN WORDSWORTH'S TIME

Photo (from an Old Print) by Pettitt, Keswick.



WORDSWORTH'S EARLY HOME: DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE.

Photo by Pettitt, Keswick.



poet, not of these only, but of all earth's scenes, who, disdaining frequent descriptions of particular combinations of its beauties, has unveiled the sources of profoundest sentiments they contain, and more than any other



SOUTHEY'S MONUMENT IN CROSSTHWAITE CHURCH.

Photo by Pettitt, Keswick.

writer who ever lived has diffused that love of external nature which now sheds its purifying influences abroad among the people."

And as we pen these lines the dusk falls and the shadows are beginning to creep over the land, and we would fain shut out thoughts of hot, throbbing London, as we gaze upon the scene so vividly described by Southey—

Mountain and lake and vale; the valley disrobed of its verdure  
Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection,  
Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror  
Under the woods reposed; the hills that calm and majestic  
Lifted their heads into the silent sky, from far Glaramara,  
Bleacrag, and Maidenmawr, to Grisdale and westernmost Wythop.  
Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gathered above them,  
High in the middle air huge purple pillow masses,  
While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight,  
Green as the stream in the glen, whose pure and chrysolite waters  
Flow over a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the righteous.

J. PARRINGTON-POOLE.

## NAVAL NOTES

Though the appointment of Rear-Admiral Archibald L. Douglas to be a Lord of the Admiralty was quite unexpected, the officers of the East Indies Squadron, which he has commanded for the past eighteen months, were none the less hearty in their congratulations. Such an appointment reflected a certain amount of glory on those who have been under his command. Admiral Douglas will be greatly missed in the East Indies. The day that he sailed for home to take over his new and important duties at Whitehall, he dined on board the cruiser *Eclipse*, his flagship, and when the meal was over and the time approached for the Admiral to go on board the P. and O. boat, the officers of the ship manned the cutter and rowed him to the steamship, while the men lined the warship's side and cheered lustily, and above the cheering of the bluejackets rose the



SOUTHEY'S RESIDENCE: GRETA HALL, KESWICK.

Photo by Pettitt, Keswick.

strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and other appropriate tunes, played by the ship's band. Admiral Douglas, though he is only a junior flag-officer, is fifty-seven years of age, and, unless promotion falls to him meantime, he will have to retire in three years. No doubt, however, this capable officer will be saved from retirement, and the country will gain thereby. He is one of the best scientific officers of the day, and is keenly alive to the importance of the gunnery of the Fleet being made as accurate as continual practice can make it.

The recent Naval Manœuvres had only one point of interest—the experiments with wireless telegraphy. As an officer on one of the ships explained to me on his return, "You know, we really did nothing except pity the newspaper correspondents who came to sea with us in the hope of seeing a really smart sham sea-battle and saw nothing, absolutely nothing, except the ordinary routine which we go through every year—in fact, almost every day." The success of the wireless telegraphy experiments redeemed the manœuvres, and the Admiralty are so pleased with what has been already accomplished that they have decided to carry out some further experiments on board the torpedo-school-ship *Defiance* at Devonport, when it is said that Signor Marconi will co-operate to some extent with Commander William C. M. Nicholson, the senior staff officer of the ship, who has already given up much time to the subject. If it is possible to so concentrate the Herztian waves that they can be sent direct from one spot to another over long distances without the danger of the signal falling by chance into the hands of an enemy, then wireless telegraphy will probably revolutionise the present system of signalling, and there will be fewer errors than are just now inevitable with an imperfect system.

At the naval ports the activity of Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, is a frequent subject of comment. He carries his sixty-eight years marvellously, and at an inspection of naval establishments could fire many men who were only in their cradles in 1871, when this veteran statesman succeeded Mr. Childers as First Lord of the Admiralty



SHELLEY'S HOUSE, KESWICK.

Photo by Pettitt, Keswick.

Twenty-eight years have passed, and he is more keenly alive to-day to the importance of the Navy and of the duties that devolve upon him than he was when he went the same official rounds in the prime of his manhood. Years have not robbed him of his admiration for a smart bluejacket, a spick-and-span ship, or a well-laid gun, and no exertion seems too great for him if thereby he can serve the best interests of the force under his charge as head of the Admiralty. After one of his official visits to one of the ports, you may hear men speaking with undisguised admiration of the indomitable will and keen interest in everything that catches his eye—traits which have tended to make Mr. Goschen the hero of the naval service.

Some months ago I was able to announce in *The Sketch* that the Rev. J. C. Cox-Edwards would shortly relinquish his position as Chaplain of the Fleet and Inspector of Naval Schools, and that the cherished appointment would fall into the hands not of the next senior chaplain, but of the Rev. John H. Berry, M.A., who is eighth on the list in seniority. These two changes are now officially confirmed. Mr. Cox-Edwards will be greatly missed by the department over which he has presided for the past eleven years, but in Mr. Berry the Admiralty have found an excellent successor. Mr. Berry has served in the Navy for twenty-three years, and has seen more stirring war service than falls to the lot of most non-combatant officers. He was chaplain on board her Majesty's ship *Active* during the Old Colony and Zulu Wars, over twenty years ago, and was present at the bombardment of Alexandria; in fact, he served throughout the Egyptian War, receiving the medal, the Alexandria clasp, and the Khedive's bronze star. At all the naval ports he is well known, and he will be heartily congratulated on his selection for a position of so much honour and responsibility—they usually go hand in hand. Mr. Berry has been serving at the Admiralty since April last, so that he is by this time thoroughly familiar with the duties he is now called upon to take over.

## THEATRE GOSSIP.

From to-morrow (Thursday) night, when Mrs. Langtry will produce at the Haymarket Mr. Sydney Grundy's new satirical comedy, "The Degenerates" (concerning which some details will be found on another page), the once-popular catch-phrase, "Now we're busy," may be



MR. HARRY NICHOLLS, NOW CONVULSING HUGE AUDIENCES IN  
"WITH FLYING COLOURS," AT THE ADELPHI.  
*Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*

legitimately used by dramatic critics and other members of the noble army of First-Nighters. On the following evening, the newest theatrical managers, Messrs. Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld, will, for the first time, submit to Londoners their long-popular Lilliputian Burlesque Company in the go-as-you-please musical play appropriately entitled "A Trip to Midget-Town," also in some measure described and photographed in this number of *The Sketch*.

Next Saturday night, the ever-popular Mr. Wilson Barrett will begin his season at the Lyceum with a revival of that fine melodrama, "The Silver King," which has not been seen in the West End for a matter of eight years. Mr. Barrett has, however, often played the piece around the suburban theatres with many of the company engaged for the Lyceum. It will be interesting to many playgoers to note that the son of Mr. Wilson Barrett's late brother George (the original Jaikes in this play) has been cast for the part of Henry Corkett, *alias* "the Duke of New York," which was in the first cast played by Mr. Charles Coote, who died in America a year or two ago. Miss Maud Jeffries will again (as on tour) be the Nellie Denver; Mr. Horace Hodges will be the Jaikes; and Mr. T. Wigley Pereyval will impersonate that burglarious arch-fiend "the Spider," in which character Mr. Willard first focussed upon himself the keen attention of all true playgoers.

The Duke of York's will reopen on the same evening with an "American Citizen," and at the moment of writing it seems probable that Mr. George Edwardes may also select next Saturday night for the reopening of the Gaiety with "A Runaway Girl." But whether or no, first-nighting will again set in on the following Monday with the production at the Strand of Mr. George H. Broadhurst's four-act comedy, "The Last Chapter," which has already had some vogue in the United States, where the author, however, does *not* "come from," he having, as a matter of fact, been "British born." This piece will be found somewhat of a serious contrast with the same playwright's wildly farcical works, "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home."

Next Monday evening there will be a première of much importance at the Métropole, Camberwell, where that exceedingly intense actress, Mrs. Lewis Waller (sister to Mrs. Clement Scott), will submit to critical examination a said-to-be very powerful Irish drama written around the great local Rebellion. It is from the pen of a new dramatist, Mr. J. B. Fagan, to wit, and is at present entitled "The Rebels." It may, however, yet receive a fresh title, with something about "Shamrock" in it.

Sir Thomas Lipton may be requested to note that this play, however, has no connection with a certain yacht with which his name is associated.

With the exception of a smaller suburban production or two at present hinted at, and unless the Vaudeville management should select an intervening date for George R. Sims and Leonard Merrick's new adaptation from the German (at one time named "The Elixir of Youth"), first-nighters will apparently have an interval for rest and refreshment until Thursday, Sept. 7, upon which date a most interesting production is due. This is Heyermann's Hebrew play, "The Ghetto," adapted from the Dutch by Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald, author of that peculiar little tragedy, "The Cat and the Cherub," and also of the Japanese romantic drama, "The Moonlight Blossom," which Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell have promised to produce at the Prince of Wales's on Sept. 21, with Miss Eleanor Calhoun also in the cast.

"The Ghetto" has already awakened considerable interest, not only among playgoers of the Israelite race, but also among many of different kinds of descent. Many of the latter are reported to have seriously inquired, while engaged in booking seats, "What is a Ghetto?" although in these days of higher education and of Zangwillian novels one would think such a question unnecessary.

It appears to be a very strong play, having for its "mission" a kind of prediction that the Jews will, in due course, cease to be so exclusive a race, and will mingle more with other races and religions. Time, of course, will show whether the prophet Heyermann is correct. In the meantime, it is perhaps enough to say that "The Ghetto" is strongly cast, Mr. Kyrle Bellew as a Jewish son and Mrs. Brown-Potter as the Christian handmaiden, whom he espouses in defiance of his people's wish, having very dramatic characters. It may also here be added that Mr. John Lawson, the variety-actor, is about to produce a "Ghetto" play. He calls his a "thaumaturgie" play—a description distinctly precious.

Mr. H. B. Warner, the very good-looking and talented son of that most popular favourite, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, has recently succumbed to heredity, and is to take the leading part in the new play by Mr. Fagan, to be produced in London shortly by Mrs. Lewis Waller and then taken on tour. His love for all things histrionic led him to throw up his position in the City and follow the profession of his father and sister, Miss Grace Warner. His stage career, naturally, has been brief, but constantly busy, and the first part he ever played was that of the Rev. Mr. Eden to his father's Tom Robinson in "It's Never Too Late to Mend," after which followed a small part in "Drink," and then Athos in the Garrick version of "The Three Musketeers," by Mr. Henry Hamilton, for which Mr. Warner received most admirable notices.



MR. H. B. WARNER, SON OF MR. CHARLES D. WARNER.  
*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

especially in Dublin, Manchester, and Liverpool. In Bedford, when Mr. Charles Warner was suddenly taken ill, he played the heavier part of D'Artagnan, receiving great praise for it, and after the performance had an offer to play juvenile lead in the stock season. However, he preferred to wait a better chance, which soon came in his present



engagement, for it is a very strong acting part and one in which the young actor delights.

The Drury Lane drama which Mr. Cecil Raleigh has written (all by himself this time) for Mr. Arthur Collins is beginning to assume definite shape at rehearsals. It appears to be a powerful play, dealing with such topics of the day as an Academy private view, gaming among ladies, and murdering for the sake of securing the money for which the victim has been insured. Mr. Clement Scott's recent surmise that this play would be called "The Lost Liner" is very wide of the mark. That is simply the name of a play which Mr. Raleigh has written for the American manager, Mr. Jacob Litt. The Drury Lane play, the title of which will doubtless be something with "Fortune" in it, is due on or about Sept. 15.

A few days later, Mr. Beerbohm Tree will produce his new and magnificently mounted version of "King John," of course Shakspeare's one, and not the one Shakspeare "conveyed" so largely for his. With Mr. Tree's production—which is to show the wicked John in the act of reluctantly signing the Magna Charta—the new theatrical season will be in full swing.

Only two new suburban productions have come up for notice in London since our last issue, namely, Mr. H. A. Saintsbury's new version of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," at the Kennington Theatre (with the adapter dashingly acting the name-part), and a long-touring burlesque on the subject of "Don Quixote," brought by the droll Milton-Ray company to that other fine outlying theatre, the Alexandra, Stoke Newington.

Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk is a busy man. To-morrow he is to play the part of Marcus Mosenthal in "The Degenerates," at the Haymarket.



A PROMINENT ACTOR IN "THE DEGENERATES."

Photo by Cavendish Morton.

About the first week in October he will go to the Criterion to appear in Messrs. Wyndham and Frohman's production of "My Daughter-in-law." At the beginning of November he will sail for New York to appear at the Lyceum Theatre as Lord Bapechild in Mr. Dan Frohman's production of "The Manœuvres of Jane," the part played at the Haymarket by Mr. Cyril Maude. After that—well, perhaps he will take a couple of days' holiday, and I am sure he will have earned them.

The only West End theatrical change calling for mention since our last is the revival of Messrs. Arthur Shirley and

Benjamin Landeck's stirring equestrian drama, "Going the Pace," at the Princess's, where it was enthusiastically received—*nem. con.*

The unfamiliarity with American theatricals displayed by some London dramatic critics has been demonstrated lately in inaccurate references to Mr. De Wolf Hopper, his composer, and his company now at the Lyric Theatre presenting "El Capitan." Despite the fact that Mr. Sousa's music is played by every band on this island, it is rarely the case that his name is spelled correctly. He is continually referred to as "Mr. de Sousa" or "Mr. Souza." Mr. Sousa's full name is John Philip Sousa, without a "de" or a "z." Mr. De Wolf Hopper's name has also been spelt in a variety of ways. One morning journal has persistently referred to the comedian as "Mr. de Wolff-Hopper," and another spells his name "Mr. Wolff Hopper," wiping out the "de" and the hyphen. Despite numerous corrections, "Wang," the musical comedy in which Mr. Hopper appeared in America with much success, is constantly referred to as "a Chinese opera." This is a mistake, since the scene of "Wang" is laid in Siam, and Wang himself, in the person of Mr. Hopper, is a Siamese Prince.

Charles Klein, the American dramatist and author of "El Capitan," has taken a house at Cobham for the summer, where he is at work on a melodrama the scene of which is laid in England and to be named "The Lombard Street Mystery." This work is to be produced by Charles Frohman next fall in New York. It will be in five acts and seven scenes. Mr. Klein has just completed a new opera for Mr. De Wolf Hopper, for which John Philip Sousa will compose the music.

Among the familiar August visitors to Margate has been Sir Henry Irving and everybody else's "old friend," Mr. J. L. Toole, who has been enjoying the sea breezes and the band from a comfortable bath-chair. The affection entertained for the veteran comedian by members of the profession he has for years adorned is almost touching in its devotion and its solicitude. Few men have caused more harmless pleasure than has Mr. Toole; very few, indeed, have suffered more keenly.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The ultra-sensible people said that paganism, and all that that vague term is meant to cover, was to die out of our fiction, to be rooted like a troublesome weed from our well-regulated gardens. But it seems the ultra-sensible ones were wrong. Whether we like it or not, outside the fiction for boys, and tomboys, of all ages, the staple material for novels continues to be the struggle between the joy of life and workaday laws. And so will it be till novels have the chance of reflecting some settlement of the long-vexed question. Whatever be the writer's point of view, conservative or revolutionary, he harps on it, returns to it, with the instinct that its interest is real. For illustration, here are three of the few novels of the dull season that have come together by mere chance. One is very good, one middling, the third unmistakably bad—save for what amusement can be extracted from it by the ribald reader; but all are concerned in great measure with the same matter.

The first is Mr. Benjamin Swift's "Siren City" (Methuen). It shows us a new Mr. Benjamin Swift. In complete ignorance of the actual facts, we assume that he made a sojourn in the South, that he was dazzled and enchanted by the sun; but that suddenly he had a revulsion, and felt, "Ah! what of beauty? What of sunshine? The virtue of the cold North is better"—which is not at all what a reader of his earlier work would have expected him to say. But he has practically said it, by giving all the sterling virtues to the Northerners and making the citizens of the South very shabby fellows indeed. The conflict of Puritanism and Paganism takes place in the heart and life of an Englishwoman, a great heiress, who braves her banker-father's wrath by running off with a Neapolitan adventurer. The joy of life courses fast and high in her veins for a little time. Then she wakes to the truth, a very sordid, ugly, disagreeable truth, that her husband bears a false name, is penniless, a hopeless gambler, a cad, and a cruel bully. There is a relenting and very wealthy father; there is a faithful, honest, stupid, devoted, and gallant British officer—he, too, is amply supplied with this world's goods—to fall back on when the romantic husband grows impossible. His heroine has been "good," we are told, and so she has in a negative kind of way, having broken no commandments during her sojourn in Naples, and she must be rewarded. Gossip has been busy about her; evil tongues have slandered her; and so the reward must be obvious, of a kind understood of the world—money and social position. Of course, a second conflict between love and law occurs when the gallant, stupid, charming British officer becomes her squire on her return to England. But even to a gambler, a forger, a criminal, she behaves with strict propriety, and only lets the gallant soldier sing hymns beside her in church till merciful Heaven takes the criminal husband out of the way. Nothing could be more correct and tame than the end. But the real conflict was described in the beginning, or at least one phase of it. Mr. Swift has not dared, perhaps he was not in the mood, to make the parties in the conflict on equal terms. A little tired of the glare, he retires into the mist of the North, and finds rest in its sober steadfastness. And so, though gaiety, fervour, fascination, cleverness, audacity, he allots to the Southerners, he does so in a way to leave the impression these are but the dress-clothes of unreliable villains.

In "Some Unoffending Prisoners" (Jarrold), the lady who calls herself "John Fulford" simplifies the problem considerably, so far as the chief woman of the story is concerned. The heroine here also is bent on making life joyous, but the joy of life to her is freedom. Furthermore, she is of a clear-cut, decided temper, and when she runs off, not from a narrow-minded parent, but—far worse—from a clergyman-husband, she does so with the most definite conviction that she is fulfilling a sacred duty, a duty to the most sacred thing within her, her individuality. He was a bigot, and he repressed her individuality—one of the blackest crimes in the modern Decalogue. Thus she is quite cheerful, and a breezier, absurder young person it would be difficult to find in fiction or real life. But we don't understand how the weak-kneed, æsthetic, literary man fell in love with her. And the burden of the conflict falls on him. She is the sun and sky to him; she is the South—rich, beautiful, satisfying to his soul. But he is engaged to a pretty little typewriter, who is longing for the day when she will have the magnificent privilege of darning his stockings and bearing with his tempers. By philandering after the two, he gets into a mess. And his way out of the difficulty is to go mad. "John Fulford" springs a tragedy on us suddenly and rather unnecessarily. Indeed, the book has many faults. But it has one great redeeming point: it is alive with interest in life.

The third book is of the solemn and absurd order. But "Infelix" (Long), at least, illustrates what the commonplace mind makes of the eternal problem. "Jetta's was a grand nature, with a great dash of the pagan in it." The grand pagan nature was married to a country squire—a good fellow; but he hunted all day and slept all evening, and how could a glorious pagan stand that? So she succumbs, moderately, to the charms of a man who can keep awake after dinner. But Jetta redeems the silly book through which she stalks so pompously by pointing a moral. The writer is much too careful of the proprieties to let her disgrace herself. She holds that the squire was very wrong to fall asleep every evening, but that Jetta must respect herself. So Jetta takes poison. The writer of the story had a true instinct. There is a kind of passion, paganism, whatever you like to call it, that can only be cured by poison or by hardship, and physical hardship is out of the reach of some poor wretches—the passion which is but a presumptuous name for boredom with one's normal surroundings. o. o.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 30, 7.51; Thursday, 7.48; Friday, Sept. 1, 7.46; Saturday, 7.44; Sunday, 7.41; Monday, 7.39; Tuesday, 7.37.

Probably the most widely read book of the past year is the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's novel, "In His Steps." It is a religious book. Its author is one of the famous men of the day. So what he says in reply to the question, "Would Jesus ride the bicycle on Sunday?" is full of interest. He says, "I can conceive of Jesus riding the bicycle under certain conditions. The bicycle is not a Sabbath-breaking institution in itself. I have hesitated to ride mine many times on Sunday, and rather than save my own strength on a great many occasions, rather than possibly to lead some young Christian man or woman to say, 'He rides a bicycle on Sunday; so I will,' I have foregone even what I might think to be my right in the matter, and save my strength. I think Jesus might ride a wheel if He were in our places, in order to save His own strength and the beast of burden."

The members of the Cyclists' Touring Club made a poor response to the invitation to have a real big celebration of its twenty-first birthday. The National Cyclists' Union made a lively stir on its birthday. The Harrogate Camp, when three hundred cyclists went under canvas at the beautiful Yorkshire watering-place at the beginning of the month, created considerable excitement. I looked forward, then, with some interest to the C.T.C. celebrations at Harrogate and the tour in the Lake District. The C.T.C. numbers something like sixty thousand members, a very creditable total. What was my surprise, then, when I picked up a paper and saw that only some forty people joined in the tour, and that a good number of these were officials of the Club! There was not a single lady. This is too bad, after all the paragraph-"booming." The show wasn't up to an ordinary country-town church parade. The C.T.C. deserves better treatment. It has accomplished much in behalf of the cyclist, and the least its members could have done would have been to have rallied on its twenty-first birthday. The officials must have felt very sore at the poor way they were backed up.

On the Sunday before Bank Holiday somebody went down to Thornton Heath, sat on a gate, and counted the cyclists that went by. In the morning during the hour between 6.45 and 7.45 exactly 202 wheelmen passed. Of these only a dozen were proceeding towards London; the others were pressing towards Brighton. There were three tandems and two triplets. Among the total were a dozen ladies.

The Metropolis, though full of foreigners and Americans at the West End, is comparatively deserted by London cyclists. Across the Channel, however, despite the Dreyfus agitation and attempts to overthrow the Republic, the Parisians seem to be having a really merry time. I am a thorough admirer of the Parisian cyclist. We in England take our wheeling too seriously. The men—as a rule, I'm speaking—ride grimly and determinedly, as though what they were doing was tremendously important; the ladies—let us admit it right away—are rather prudish in their long, flopping, un-pretty skirts, while their fixed and rather frightened stare seems to belie any idea they are enjoying themselves.

The Parisians ride well—there is no doubt about that—and they have made up their minds that it is necessary for them to be graceful. Of course, one has a flicker of insular prejudice against those pantaloons-bloomers beloved by the fair Parisienne. But surely there is some dress to be found between bloomers and flapping frocks.

The American girl is the most sensible; when cycling, she wears a short skirt. American girls are quite as modest, but not so sillily prudish, and certainly they look prettier a-wheel than the English girl. The Parisians have an artistic eye. I have raised my voice—though I readily confess it is like crying in the wilderness—in favour of Japanese lanterns on bicycles at night, instead of horrible glaring acetylene lamps and dismal flickering oil-lamps. I don't mean that men who ride bicycles on business should have paper lanterns. I am writing to those who ride for pleasure, who like to have a spin in the cool after dinner. The boulevards of Paris just now have quite an enchanting, fairylike

picturesqueness with hundreds of the bobbing Japanese lanterns of many hues everywhere. We Britishers are an unimaginative crowd, and how we do shudder from doing a thing that everybody else doesn't do for fear our neighbour may remark it isn't quite proper. The era of graceful, dancing lights depends entirely on the ladies. The prettiest lady cyclists in England I have seen are at Kingston. Won't the Kingston ladies, therefore, lead the way?

Here is a novel road-race being arranged in Paris. It is open to all sorts of locomotion—motor-cars, cycles, horses, and men running and walking. The distance is over a hundred miles, from Paris to Trouville. Handicaps are being arranged according to existing records. Thus the pedestrians will start sixteen hours before the motor-cars, which are to be on scratch. Over £400 is offered in prizes.

Naturally, cyclists were up in arms when the Thames Conservancy Board issued notices prohibiting wheeling on the towing-paths. Wheeling by the river is delightful, and to be suddenly stopped a pleasure you have enjoyed for years is enough to make the mildest-eyed of wheelers mad. However, cyclists may now rest assured that they have won what I believe is called a moral victory over the Conservators. When tackled, these gentlemen admitted that all vehicles have a right on the tow-path between Kingston Bridge and Molesey Lock and from Chertsey Bridge to Laleham Ferry, but they did not admit the right of cycling or driving on other parts. So the notices of prohibition remain. But cyclists have taken no heed, and continue to ride over the proscribed paths. Nobody has been summonsed. Indeed, it is not at all likely anybody will. It is against the dignity of the Thames Conservators, of course, to admit their defeat, so they say nothing. But the position of cyclists is as it was before.

The thought that comes into the mind of the holiday-seeker when he is getting his goods and chattels together is, "Shall I take my bicycle, or rely on hired machines?" Of course, it is agonising to go on a holiday, and, on arriving at the destination, find the railway company have shockingly ill-treated your wheel. That is a way railway companies have, and if the National Cyclists' Union, in their fresh crusade to get proper accommodation for cycles on trains, accomplish what their souls are bent upon, they will deserve to be crowned with a wreath of roses. Even in the present unsatisfactory condition of things, it is well to take your own bicycle with you. The bicycles to be hired at the seaside are most fearsome crocks as a rule. There is always a look about them of the ill-used donkey. When I see a poor old ass I think of a hired bicycle, and when I see a poor old hired bicycle I think of

an ill-used ass. A hired-out seaside wheel is fairly suitable if you want to teach your aunt how to ride. It is not to be recommended for other purposes.

There has been another marriage in which the couple and two hundred guests rode to church on their cycles. Are we not getting a bit tired of these matrimonial displays? At first a cycle-wedding was a novelty; now it is usually an advertising freak. No doubt cycling brings about many an engagement, for maybe you have noticed, when out riding with a party, that dropping into pairs, lady and gentleman, is as sure as the law of gravitation. But cycling occasionally spoils marriage, if we believe the evidence in a breach of promise case recently tried at Leeds. John William Shaw wooed and won Mary Barnforth, the village school-mistress of Slaithwaite. Everything was arranged, even to the buying of the ring and the taking of the house. Then the wicked Shaw broke the engagement, on the ground he had taken to cycling and had no time for courting. He was ordered to pay £500 damages.

Not far distant from Trefriw, in Wales, there is a danger-board that reads: "Notice to Bicyclists—This hill is dangerous by order of the authorities."

There was a man charged the other day in New York with "scorching." His name was John Spqs. He gave his name and told how it was spelt. But nobody could pronounce it. "As uttered by the prisoner," said the clerk, "it seems to be the commingling of a hiss of a punctured tyre and the wheezing of an inflator." J. F. F.



LIEUTENANT O. LEES, ROYAL MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY.

*The clever trick cyclist, who lately performed before the Queen at Newport, Isle of Wight, is explaining his cycle to Captain Hammett, of the Fleet Reserve.*



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.



YORK RACES.—FINISH OF THE CONVIVIAL PRODUCE STAKES OF 480 SOVS.: SATYRICA (BY ALLOWAY—SATIRA) WINS. JOCKEY, M. CANNON.

I cannot hope to vie with *The Sketch* special snaphottist, and so will leave that ubiquitous limner to deal with the York meeting.

Very little interest, from a speculator's point of view, will be taken over the St. Leger this year, as, in the opinion of most good judges, Flying Fox is bound to be first and Caiman second. It is said the Yankee plungers are going to give their money a chance on Lord William Beresford's colt, but I cannot see how he is to turn the tables on the Kingsclere crack, if the latter is fit and well. The Fox won the Guineas comfortably by two lengths, the Derby by two lengths, the Princess of Wales's Stakes by three lengths, and the Eclipse Stakes from her stable companion, Frontier, by one length. These facts are printed to prove that Flying Fox has not had a hard race this year up to now. Of course, Huggins has to be reckoned with in all arguments used just now, as he is simply invincible.

The weights for the Autumn Handicaps will be published at the end of this week, and we shall soon see long lists of quotations appearing in the daily papers. Already the Continental list-men have done big business over both handicaps, and it generally happens that the public's first choice is the right one at the finish. Up to now,



YORK RACES.—MAJOR J. D. EDWARD'S CASSOCK'S PRIDE (BY CASSOCK—DAM BY BROWN PRINCE), WINNER OF THE GREAT EBOR HANDICAP PLATE OF 925 SOVS. JOCKEY, FAGAN.



YORK RACES.—DUKE OF YORK'S STAKES OF 510 SOVS.: CARBISTON, THE LAST HORSE GOING OUT OF THE PADDOCK TO THE STARTING-POST (BY DONOVAN—CASERTA), PROVED VICTORIOUS. JOCKEY, M. CANNON.

Tom Cringle, Lord Edward II., and Innocence have been the best-backed of the Cesarewitch horses, but surely Mr. Mainwaring will not let either of those exposed horses get into the handicap at a light weight. I have actually heard the argument put forward by good judges that the chance of Innocence would be improved if he got a weight sufficiently big to allow of a strong jockey having the mount. Merman will take some weighting out of this race, so will History, if he is sound. In the Cambridge-shire, Sirenia, Eager, Heir Male, and Survivor are inquired after. Others hinted at by the touts are Maluma, Good Luck, and Mazeppa. But this is a race that should be left severely alone by would-be speculators until after the acceptances have appeared.

My very old friend, Mr. James Henry Smith, who is the able sporting correspondent of the *Morning Post*, has been connected with sporting journalism for the past twenty-five years, and he is well qualified to write on racing and racing matters. James Henry ably filled the "Vigilant" chair on the staff of the *Sportsman*

many years back, and he has for some time given us some useful gossip over the signature of "Jim the Penman" in the *Sporting Times*. As Clerk of the Course to the Leicester Meeting, he has helped to turn a very small racing venture into a very large one. Mr. Smith was in his younger days a very fine cricketer and billiard player. He is Tom Cannon's brother-in-law, and I fancy he is very proud of the doings of his nephews in the saddle. James Henry should know something about racing, as it was his father who owned several good horses, including Rosebery, the winner of the double event, to say nothing of that useful animal, Tyrant.

Some consternation has taken place among those commission agents running offices in the West End of London, owing to the recent action of the authorities of Scotland Yard. Of course the law must be upheld, even though it be an "hass"; but I fail to see the difference between running betting telegrams on the course and in a London office. By-the-bye, the upholders of the law should know something of racing. The Lord Chief Justice of England is a big authority on the thoroughbred, and Sir Edward Bradford, cousin of John Osborne, is very fond of horses. CAPTAIN COE.

# OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Such haunts of Fashion as Homburg, Marienbad, Ostend, Dinard, Trouville, &c., endlessly, have never been more dressed up to than in this present season of grace and frivolling. The mode, the mode, and still more the mode occupies the waking hours of lovely woman to the



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A NEW TAILOR-MADE.

exclusion apparently of all other methods of time filling or killing, as the case may be, and with fresh frocks and parasols new for every hour, more or less, of the day and every day of the week, so that it really seems as if the woman with a craze for clothes might be happy in her own expensive way at last. Friends at Ostend, Deauville, and other head centres and sea-boards of Ste. Mousseline, write quite plaintively of the *gêne* which four or five separate and distinct appearances at Plage, Kursaal, or Casino variously involve. But for such distresses I have but scant sympathy.

If people do not want to live in a constant state of getting out of one garment into another, why in the name of common sense go to these places? Such complaints are as logical as those of another section who, as the season-end comes round, invariably vow that their only vision of happiness is to escape the society of their fellow man and woman for the next eight weeks, yet who, after a week of God's green country, find themselves as bored for want of an audience as they fancied themselves with one some days before.

The crux of the whole situation at most of these fashionable seaside places is apparently the morning hour, when modern mermaids, clad in the most death-dealing and seductive bathing-gowns, sit about on the sands, sometimes for a couple of hours, "before taking to the water," chatting with their friends and exhibiting to an admiring world generally the ethereal externals in which they negotiate the briny wave. A *resumé* of the frocks in which one charming creature adorned her day from the pen of an admiring acquaintance, who sent it to me, reads as follows—

"After lunch, Elsie came on the front in a new white silk with black satin spots, which a newly found treasure (*Anglicé*, dressmaker)

has just done for her. A waistcoat of white bouillonnée silk is enclosed with four corner-shaped lapels of white silk edged with lace and outlined with narrow black velvet. No dress is now correct, as you, poor benighted thing, may not be fully aware, without a tunic, and this one is scalloped and edged with a deep flounce of real lace—black, of course—with a long skirt to match underneath. Bands of insertion and black velvet outline the lower part of tunic.

"I send these descriptive particulars so that you may grasp the *chic* of the whole thing, though I scarcely think now it comes up to the pale *pervenche* foulard in which this martyr to the cause of clothes took the floor in the afternoon. How does this coax your imagination? A deep yoke of *bise guipure* directly on the skin was surrounded by a ribbon-embroidered design in two colours, mauve and blue. Slightly gathered sleeves of the foulard and a waistband of black velvet accounted for the bodice, simple enough, but beautifully cut. The long skirt is treated to a V-shaped band of *guipure* and ribbon embroidery, while the flounced lining of the dress was of *bise-coloured* silk. It must be added, by the way, that these transparent linings have an element of rashness in their beauty, Elsie's neck, after two hours' promenading in a scorching sun, being decorated with the pattern of the lace neatly picked out in sunburn. Of course, she could not show up at table d'hôte in anything but the highest of blouses, which intrigued her exceedingly and gave us others a little extra cause for merriment.

"I have also," adds this irrepressible *raconteuse*, "plunged not into the waves alone, but my next quarter's allowance, by the purchase of a fascinating grey China *crêpe* with long silk fringes of the same tone, and an immense Directory hat with great posies of bright pink roses



[Copyright.]

A CASINO GOWN.

caught under the brim—sheer extravagance, of course. I did not in the least want either; but one simply must get a dress when one is in France—the British build is so very, very unimaginative beside it." Here does not end my diffuse friend's copyright, but Shakspeare and the musical glasses would never tempt her to wander from the primrose path



of chiffons into any other subject, so I have incontinently put the rest of her flowery folio into the waste-paper basket.

It used to be said of Irish girls a few years ago, and not altogether without reason perhaps, that their undoubted good looks were marred by their inconsequent methods in clothes and coiffure, and no doubt the delightfully vague and happy-go-lucky Hibernian temperament betrayed itself occasionally in such negatively minor matters as absent hairpins, gaping waistbands, disappearing boot-buttons, and so forth.

But whether the influx of the methodical Sassenach or other causes of the kind have been brought to bear, there is a distinctly improved sartorial tone about the outer envelope of Erin's charming daughters, and the most critical cosmopolitan, absorbing impressions from last week's very representative gathering at Balls Bridge, could find only admiration for the well-considered way in which each dear damsel wore her clothes. The wild exuberance of curly locks, also so typical of the race, no longer run their wild course unchecked by the devices of the



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MRS. RALEIGH'S SILVER-SEQUIN GOWN AT THE ADELPHI.

hairdresser either, and that air of *chic* which a well-coiffed head inevitably imparts even to a plain woman was doubly apparent in the well-set-up groups of sporting and sportive *jeunes filles* who had foregathered for the great week's fun.

Green seemed to be, appropriately enough, first favourite amongst many other colours, Lady Cadogan's dress of that tone, in which she appeared at the Leopardstown meeting being particularly becoming. Mrs. Dewhurst, with whose party Prince Francis of Teck came over both days, was also very smartly turned out in the national shade, while Mrs. Greer, who also joined the Viceregal party, wore a vivid tone of the national colour. Lady Dorothy Coventry came one day in pale-mauve muslin with painted flowers, which suited her exactly; and Mrs. Sadleir Jackson's various costumes, from the ivory lace tunic over pink mousseline of the first day's proceedings to the black kilted gauze in which she stormed the citadel of criticism on the last, were models and marvels of the most gorgeous. Mrs. Gore, Lady Rachel Saunderson's pretty daughter, wore bridal white, in which she looked extremely handsome, and Baroness Brault, another popular figure in Dublin Society, had on a curious mixture of pink and fawn one day, and blue

another, and pink a third. One of the beauties was Miss Armstrong, and her pink-and-white frock was exceedingly well made and gracefully worn.

Apocryph of gauds and vanities, I have had several letters from correspondents lately, asking if the fashion of wearing earrings is likely to become widely spread and popular, one stigmatising it as barbarous, another as desirable, and so on. Of course, it is always open to adopt a fashion or not as one desires, but that the mode in question is already approved of by the powers seems evident from the number of smart women who have lately taken to wearing this particular, and in most cases also undoubtedly becoming, form of geegaw. The jewellers will rejoice, no doubt, thereat, and are already exhibiting designs in gold and jewelled earrings which a year or two ago would only have been considered suitable to a museum or private theatricals.

The horrid ordeal of having the ears pierced, which our mothers always had done for them when quite little, will, of course, have to be undergone by those who will be in the mode at all costs; but when does any obstacle interfere with the progress of a fashion once it has gone forth and been approved by the authorities? The broad-banded bracelets of the same date are also in the list of jewellery revivals, only that, instead of being plain gold as before, they will be set with stones all round, in patterns of varying elaboration. So I am informed by such authorities as the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of Regent Street, and others.

By the way, this reminds me that an American correspondent who had read my eulogium of various special wares introduced by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company lately, writes to know where that firm is "located," seeing that the address was given in one place as 188, Oxford Street, and in another mentioned as of Regent Street. The former is, of course, correct, Regent Street being a mere lapse either of my pen or printer's ink in this connection. Which? Who shall determine?

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JULIETTE.—(1) No, I do not think that or any monthly paper can be a satisfactory guide in matters of clothes. If you want another besides *The Sketch*, why not subscribe to the *Queen*, or *Lady's Pictorial*? (2) Try Hewetsons, of Tottenham Court Road, for the old oak sideboard. SYBIL.

#### HER LADYSHIP.

Though some of the most enthusiastic admirers of feline grace, and, I had almost said, of the feline soul, have been Frenchmen, the cult of the cat has never attained anything like the same proportions in France that it has in this country. The story of Mahomet cutting off with a pair of scissors the corner of his burnous, on which his favourite cat was lying asleep, in order to rise and go to prayers without disturbing Muezza's slumbers, could probably be paralleled by many an act displaying an equal amount of consideration for the comfort of Puss on the part of innumerable distinguished Frenchmen. To come a little nearer to our own days, Richelieu had no fewer than fourteen cats, in whose society he was wont to forget the cares of state. It is the poets, however, who have principally discovered the hidden charms of the cat. Not to speak of the great Italian Tasso, Baudelaire, Victor Hugo, and Théophile Gautier, among many others, have immortalised in stately verse the pleasures they derived from intercourse with their graceful, purring companions. None of them, however, have gone quite so far as that modern prose-poet, Pierre Loti, who worships the cat almost with the fervour of the ancient Egyptians. To exalt his favourite he even goes the length of abusing "the friend of man," the dog. "Cats," he says somewhere, "have sensitive little souls ready to take offence at the veriest trifles; proud, caressing, capricious little souls, the secrets of which it is very difficult to penetrate; souls which at the very slightest insult, or even as the result of some infinitesimal deception, jealously shut their doors. The intelligence of the cat is at least as great as that of the dog. The cat, moreover, is absolutely free from the dog's obsequious submission, as well as from his air of ridiculous importance and his revolting grossness. The cat is the elegant patrician, whereas the dog, whatever his social position may be, can never shake off the low habits of the parvenu, but always remains irremediably vulgar."

Without quite going so far as Loti, others of the partisans of the cat have no difficulty in demolishing one by one all the charges that are sometimes brought against their pets. The instincts of rapine and cruelty, the want of gratitude for favours received, the absence of affection, all are proved to be so many libels. Love the cat, say these enthusiasts, and the cat will love you. It gives back exactly what it receives. It will not return good for evil any more than you will, except in theory.

In spite of its champions, however, the cat has hitherto been comparatively rare as a domestic pet in France—or rather, in the large towns. This is, no doubt, owing in a great measure to the arrangement of the houses. Many landlords in Paris lump dogs, cats, and children together as undesirable possessions for their tenants to have. Cases have even been signalled recently in which the landlord has given *congé* to an otherwise perfectly desirable tenant on learning that there was a probability in the near future of the latter becoming a father. Sarcey has signalled this landlordly attitude as one of the possible causes of the depopulation of France.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 13.*

## THE HOLIDAY HIATUS.

The holidays are still with us, and general business in the Stock Exchange has not yet returned from its summer vacation. Men come to the City, but, as Harold Frederic put it in his Stock Exchange novel, "their thoughts are elsewhere—on the moors, on the blue sea, on the glacier or the fiord, or the pleasant German pine-forests," and as soon as they possibly can escape from Throgmorton Street, their bodies follow their thoughts. The boomlet in Yankees, to which we refer elsewhere, has been the only real spot of animation in a hot and languid House. The Transvaal trouble hangs heavily over the Consol and Kaffir Markets, while the rout of Westralian "bulls" has fully justified our last week's prophecy of what was bound to happen in that top-heavy market. The Grand Trunk department is, we are sorry to say, again building up one of those heavy "bull" accounts which is so detrimental to its best interests. If people would only take up what they buy, we should then see a booming market indeed. Foreigners continue quiet, and in the Mexican Railway Market there is nothing doing. At the moment, there are no signs that the holiday lassitude is about to lift. The Stock Exchange Committee has, for once in a way, earned the approval of all House men by closing the doors for the last two Saturdays running. One irreverent jobber suggested that the Committee is trying to make amends for the insane step which it took in proposing an additional Contango-day last June.

## MEMS. ABOUT MONEY.

Light is at last beginning to dawn over the mysterious waters of the Money Market. Lombard Street is resigning itself to the prospect of fairly high rates during the next month or two, and as the end of September approaches there will, of course, be the usual talk of a stringency of money on account of the "window-dressing" proclivities of the banks. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has now entrenched herself in a strong position, and may be relied upon to keep up rates as far as possible. By the way, it was diverting the other day to notice how quickly the Bank of England raised its price for gold when a large amount seemed likely to slip by it because the directors had announced their intention of paying only 77s. 9d. per ounce instead of the regular 77s. 9½d. It showed pretty conclusively, however, that the Bank is still eager to get what gold it can.

The Consol Market in the Stock Exchange is restless and uneasy, the combined influences of money fears and political disquietude giving the "bears" some little reason for their sales. Other investment markets in the House naturally suffer, although the present Bank-rate is really an excellent one for general purposes of trade. The uncertainty of its continuance is, of course, the main reason of its acting as a damper upon, rather than as a help to, markets susceptible to its vagaries. But present indications, as we have said above, seem to favour the idea that money is likely to continue in profitable request until the end of the quarter, at all events.

## YANKEES.

There is no need to apologise for returning to a subject which we wrote about last week when that subject forms the main source of Stock Exchange interest, for the speculative community anyway, at the moment. The "boom," we are told by enthusiastic "bulls" both inside the House and outside it, has only just begun, and while one man implores you to buy Louisvilles up to your neck, another declares that his fortune is practically made out of his purchase of Little Norfolks at 28. By the way, Little Norfolks have been our favourite theme for a *crescendo* movement since the beginning of the year, and those of our readers who have faced the unpleasant music that sent the price down to 18 from 20, at which we advised a purchase on Jan. 18, would do well to take their profit now that the shares are over 26. Eeries are two dollars to the good since we pointed out their prospects on June 7 last, and we think the shares are still worth keeping. As regards the First Preference, the stock is such a horribly dark horse that it is extremely difficult to advise thereon. The company is doing excellent business, and the directors have plenty of money in hand wherewith to declare a dividend at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum at least, but they appear to be resolutely set against any such course. Otherwise the shares at the present price of 40½ appear to be one of the best speculative investments in the market. Louisville is the market favourite,

and we should not be surprised to see the shares go to par; they are already eleven points up since one of our First-Class Carriage Conversationalists said he was going to buy them in the middle of July. A temporary reaction, however, is quite on the cards. But the market, as a whole, looks good, and, besides, Wabash have not yet been taken in hand, and the old Stock Exchange tradition about every rise coming to an end with Wabash has proved itself right times out of number.

## COPPER COMPANIES.

It is singular to notice what scant attention is paid to the department of the Stock Exchange which only a few months ago was working itself into feverish fury in its struggles between "bulls" and "bears." The latter party has now the best of what is left of the game, but speculation in Rios and Anacondas is now so slight that movements of a pound in the one or a quarter in the other are regarded as startling, while almost any day the form of Mr. Simon Symons, of Foreign Market fame, can be seen supporting one of the outside pillars of the House for a quarter-of-an-hour's smoke—an unheard-of thing in the stressful days of spring.

This gentle simmer-down of excitement is principally due to the quiet life now being led by the Copper Trust in America, which is now engaged in chewing—or trying to—what it has bitten off. Dealings in Anacondas have dropped to very small proportions in Wall Street, and no one over here seems to take much interest in the shares. The monthly copper statistics are steadily telling against the Trust, and it seems highly probable that the reaction in Copper shares will make further progress, the shares drooping of their own weight.

The Mount Lyell group has come into prominence again this week, the particular feature of which was the sharp rise in the "Big Ones." This, however, is traceable to the peculiar nature of the speculative account which is open in the shares, added to more or less reliable rumours of a handsomely increased dividend to be declared shortly. The price, however, is against much public interest being roused, because the

man in the street will not pay £11 for a thing whose wires are all in Adelaide and Sydney hands. North Mount Lyells at 3½ hold their position very steadily, and are likely to see higher prices. Cape Coppers are drooping, the various French crises telling heavily upon the market, as the shares are largely held in Paris.

Utah and its kindred gambling-counters are being left alone, although any revival in Kaffirs usually takes them a fraction or two higher.

## THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

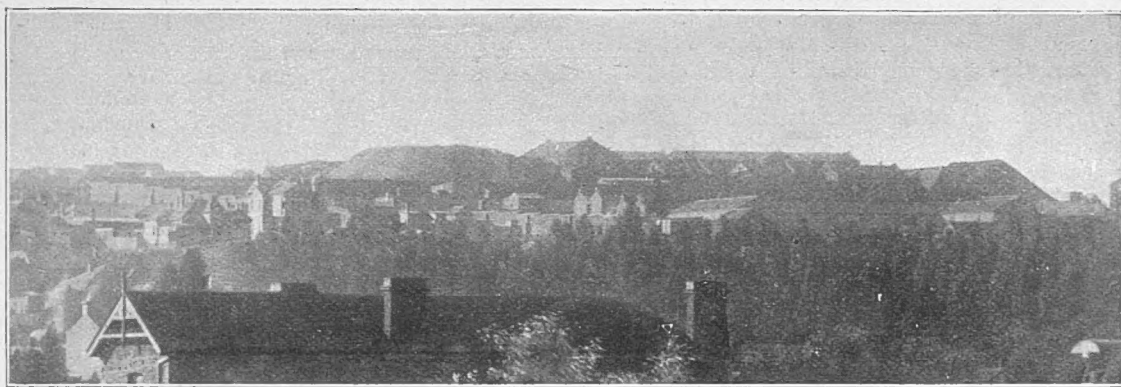
While we have lately been pointing out that the South African Market is beginning to offer inducements to speculators for the rise, we are bound to indicate that the fall which has taken place is of comparatively little consequence compared with values that ruled a few months back. Not that this fact is likely to weigh much in the general revival which is coming in this market, but before the public take a blind hand in the deal, it is as well to look up a few figures before the game begins. In our table this week we compare the opening prices of Monday with those of some eleven months back, and this is what we find—

	Sept. 26, 1898.	Aug. 28, 1899.	Rise or Fall.
Angelo ...	6½	7½	+ 1½
City and Suburban ...	6½	6½	—
Crown Reef ...	14	17	+ 3
East Rand ...	6	6½	+ ½
Knights ...	4½	5½	+ 1½
Modders ...	6½	11½	+ 4½
Randfontein ...	1½	2½	+ 1
Rand Mines ...	33½	39½	+ 6

Coming to more miscellaneous shares, the comparison is still interesting, although not so strongly marked—

	Sept. 26, 1898.	Aug. 28, 1899.	Rise or Fall.
Chartered ...	2½	3	+ ½
Goldfields ...	4½	7½	+ 2½
Matabele Reefs ...	7	5½	- 1½
De Beers ...	24½	27½	+ 3½

It will be seen that the majority of prices show a fairly substantial advance, most of which was secured at the time of the February "boom," but even now prices show no inclination to drop more than a fraction, however bad the news may be from the other side. Jobbers in the Kaffir Market will not sell large lines of shares, and readily absorb whatever small lots come to Throgmorton Street. Moreover, big houses will readily take any block which may be on sale, provided, of course, that it is a good concern whose shares are offered. The political situation



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE JOHANNESBURG FORT.

*Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by H. Law.*



is one perpetual puzzle; but Portugal's move in refusing permission for any ammunition to be sent through her territory is credited to Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy, and is regarded as opposing another barrier to open hostilities. The steadiness of prices in the Kaffir Market is the most eloquent comment of the Stock Exchange upon the outlook in South Africa.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We were able last week to present our readers with a view of the Johannesburg Fort, now so much in the public eye, and our present picture is a representation of the same fortress, taken from another point, and specially photographed for *The Sketch*.

It is highly amusing to notice how quickly certain others of our esteemed contemporaries have imitated our example of securing the Chartered Company's permission to reproduce certain photographs of the latest British South Africa booklet, to which we referred last week. The directors have courteously allowed us to copy another pair of pictures, which may be allowed to speak for themselves.

#### FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Phew! It's like a furnace!" growled The Banker, as he seated himself in the corner of the Midland first-class carriage, and turned appealingly to The Broker for confirmation of his novel remark.

"What a witty old gentleman you are!" exclaimed The Discounter of Bills, whose profession naturally led him into frivolous light-heartedness. "Why, of course it's like a furnace, because the Midland is going to amalgamate with the Furness, is it not?—That's awfully good for you, Sir," he added, with an aside to his neighbour as to The Banker's pun being purely unconscious.

"Why can't you be sensible?" said the irritated Broker, the hot weather being too much for his usually happy spirits. "I was just going to say that Furness stock ought to be worth buying if the company is really going to be absorbed by the Midland."

"That's right, my sonny," airily replied The Discounter. "Go and put us all into something at the highest price it has been for years and years, instead of telling us about it this time in '98, when we could have bought the stock at 73 instead of 93. Now, don't get cross," he continued consolingly, as the injured Broker threw the match at him with which he had just lighted a cigar."

"I don't care so much for Furness as for Midland itself," said The Peacemaker (he was, of course, not a City man). "Midland Deferred is quite good enough for my money—not that I should buy any more at present, because North-Westerns will most likely have the bigger advance before the end of the half-year. The Ordinary stock is pretty sure to be split before long, which is bound to bring a rise, and the company has the largest traffic-increase of all the English lines at present."

The Stockbroker's wrath still simmered. "You're just like the Irishman who never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it," he grunted. "As a matter of history, the Great Western comes out miles ahead, so far as traffic is concerned. Oh, yes," he went on, raising his hands in deprecation, "I know all about the strike last year; all I wanted to do was to put your figures right. The North-Western comes second, I admit, but what is the good of buying Home Rails, which don't budge three points a week, when you can speculate in Yankees, and make your fortune in a day?"

"Or lose it," was the quiet comment. "And you know well enough that for every one decent spec. at least three turn out badly—perhaps ten would be nearer the exact mark when you come to take Stock Exchange tips."

"Of course the silly juggins was right," confessed The Stockbroker after dinner as he repeated the conversation. "Otherwise there wouldn't

The Peacemaker smiled, and disclaimed the idea of ever giving away anything for nothing. "But, seriously," he went on, "when there is a 'boom' in Yankees, I watch the list carefully, notice what shares rise and what do not, and, if the rise seems inclined to last, I buy a few of the latter sort. A couple of dollars' profit contents me, and if I don't



ANCIENT STOPE: GEELONG.

see it before settling-day, I take up the shares and wait. The chances are two to one in my favour, and I am saved all the expense and nuisance of carrying-over, differences, and contract-notes."

"But supposing you can't afford to take them up," said The Merchant, "what then?"

The Peacemaker looked across at The Banker, and laughingly nodded to him. Whereupon the portly old gentleman took up the running: "Well, it depends upon the security; but you speculators have no idea how much you lose by paying the Stock Exchange financiers the heavy Contango rates which you do. We should not charge more than a half or one per cent. above the Bank rate, although, of course, we must have ten to fifteen per cent. margin on the loan, but you would find yourself and your market far better off if you carried over with us instead of in the Stock Exchange."

"How about Westralians?" recklessly queried The Juvenile. But the very word appeared to freeze The Banker into a dignified silence, and the young man was fain to beat a hasty retreat by asking The Jobber how he should invest a pony that he had to play with.

"Put half into Consols and the other half into the Savings Bank," was the severe rejoinder of his *vis-à-vis*. "Never gamble in Westralians unless you are quite prepared to see all your money go at one fell swoop. I say, Brokie," he continued, turning to his comrade in the House, "why don't you buy yourself some Brookman's Boulder?"

"What's the price?"

"About thirty-five shillings, but they tell me we shall see them a pound or two better before long, and I helped myself to a few 'P.A.'\* this morning. Hannan's Props. don't look dear either, only you are always hearing rumours about the company wanting more money. And, of course, Peak Hills are good to buy; wish it wasn't such a one-horse concern, though. What do you think Hurst did a week or two back in the market? He offered a thou. at a quarter (seven is the figure, you know), a thou. at the three, and a couple of thou. at an eighth with 'em. Now; whoever heard the like of that!"

"Kaffirs are my ticket," interposed The Merchant—"not that I'm much of a speculator, but it strikes me that the market is certain to go better pretty soon, and in any case—"

"This train don't go no further, gents," said a porter, as he opened the carriage door and looked hungrily around for newspapers.

Saturday, Aug. 26, 1899.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

VIGILANT.—The share capital of W. and A. Gilbey, Limited, is £1,440,000, and there is a Debenture issue of £560,000. There is no market in the shares on the Stock Exchange, but the Debentures occasionally change hands.

E. A. W.—Yes, Great Centrals would probably suit you very well. So would Chatham Ordinary, or South-Eastern Deferred. Vickers shares we would suggest, or, if you like Mining propositions, Simmer East or Simmer West.

BOLTON.—We should advise you to consult your solicitor. Please read our rules.

ALEC.—Keep your Waldon's Find. The shares have been to 10s. since we advised a purchase, you know.

A. H.—We consider them both worth holding.

A. B. (Scarborough).—(1) Knight's, Meyer and Charlton, Rand Mines, New Primrose, East Rand, Heriot's and Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa. (2) We should not touch either.

\* [Could he have meant "Private Account," we wonder?—CITY ED. *Sketch*.]



A CAMP OF THE AFRICAN TRANSCONTINENTAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

be any need for us to spend all our lives up there." But he was not going to allow such an outrageous sentiment to pass unchallenged in a public place, so he rejoined as hotly as irrelevantly—

"Clever, aren't you, now? Suppose you give us one of *your* tips—I could just do with five hundred pounds or so next Account."